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Vol. CLXXXVI No. 2435 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 21 1946

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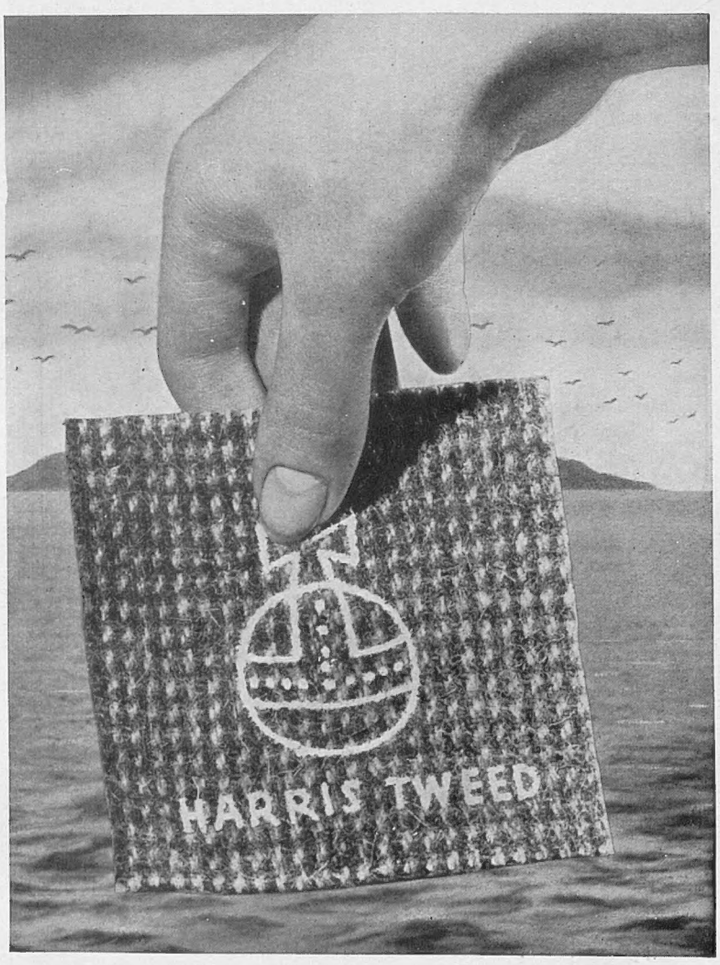

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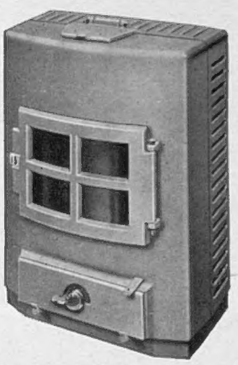

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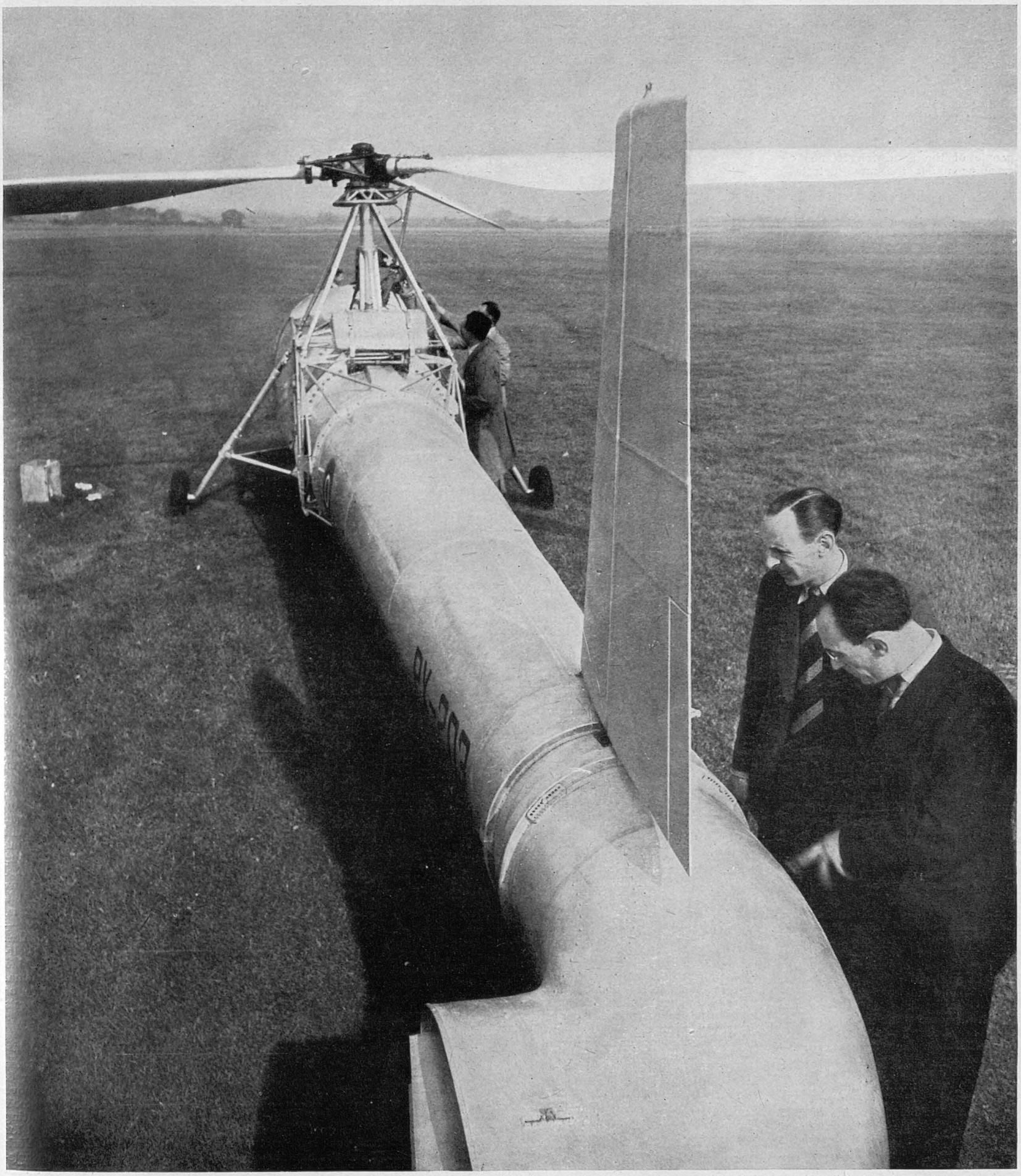
Volume CLXXXVI No. 2435 The SPHERE, London, September 21, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE "FLYING STOVE PIPE"—THE CIERVA W.9, THE FIRST HELICOPTER WITH A JET UNIT, ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS: A remarkable example of the development in rotary wing aircraft as seen on the airfield at Radlett, Herts

How the "Flying Stove Pipe" hovers in mid-air and also succeeds in flying at a speed of 100 m.p.h. may be perfectly clear to the aerodynamic engineer, but the layman must be excused if he is incredulous at the powers of this strange aircraft entirely without wings and without visible means of support. The Cierva W.9, to give the machine its proper title, has been attracting much attention at the Radlett Aircraft Exhibition. It is the first helicopter in the world to be fitted with a jet unit. This is used in place of the more familiar screw at the tail, and its purpose is to prevent the fuselage from turning under the influence of the lifting rotors. The W.9 has a single rotor driven by a 330-h.p. Gipsy Queen engine, the engine being fully enclosed behind the cabin. Behind this again the "stove pipe" fuselage extends some distance, and at the end it is bent round at right-angles to accommodate the jet orifice. The jet propellant is the engine exhaust gas, which passes through a fan and is thus speeded up sufficiently to produce the required thrust

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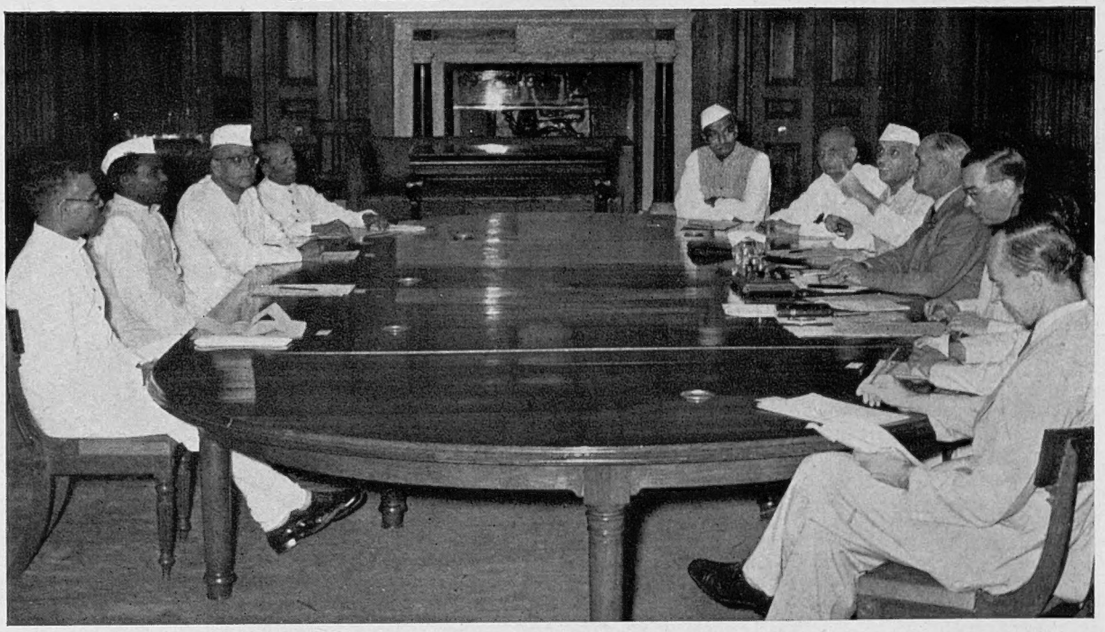
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Post-War History Repeats Itself.—"For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe and defending mankind; I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Baghdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. . . . If there is another War, life will not be worth having." No doubt you will suppose that I have been tampering with Mr. Bevin's private correspondence or reading Mr. Attlee's blotting-paper through a looking-glass. Not at all. The above quoted letter was written by Sydney Smith to Lady Grey exactly 123 years ago. It is sent me by a SPHERE reader. *Plus c'est la même chose!*

Temporary Insanity.—If life were normal there would be plenty of news for serious commentary. Mr. Byrnes's speech in Germany, for example, setting forth America's declared policy and the reactions to it of other nations. "Progress" in Paris—the day's work does indeed receive a lot of serious comment, but, daily, less serious attention. I am sure of this. Cynicism is creeping in. Why? Because, as I believe, more and more people like myself are reaching the conclusion that temporary insanity has gripped half the world—the legacy of an all-uprooting world war—and accordingly half the world thinks and acts without the discipline of logic, reason, proofs. Words have lost all virtue and retain only their vices. For, only look at this world of ours. The whole of it is impoverished by wars, set back a century in culture and amenity. Half of it is in sheer chaos. The Japanese are living like stunned troglodytes. An American weekly devoted its best pages to revealing exactly what the effect of one atomic bomb dropped on one Japanese city *brought about*. The picture is so frightful that if one living person in a thousand could read the article, these readers could *leaven* the whole world to such a terror of war that no statesman would thenceforward dare to branch for one yard from the straight path to peace—if the other 999, who did not read it, were sane. The Germans are in rather less disastrous case than the Japanese. They are being better looked after. All over Europe there are people living in conditions worse than the Dark Ages—solely as a result of wars. Yet what do we find? Hundreds of thousands all over the world are engaged in the bloodiest kind of warfare for political ends. The belief that plans for war are in the minds of the leaders of States is quite widespread. Not only in Russia. Britain is suspected, according to recent "authoritative" report, of using one European country as a military training area for an attack on another country! We might dismiss the fantasy as "propaganda." We *should* do so, if we were not convinced that half the world is mad; for even "propaganda," to succeed in its purpose, must wear the air of truth, contain a grain of probability, if reasonable men are to be deluded by it.



INDIA'S INTERIM GOVERNMENT TAKES OVER—THE VICEROY, LORD WAVELL, SEATED WITH THE NEWLY-SWORN-IN MEMBERS OF THE CABINET AFTER THEY HAD TAKEN THE OATH AT NEW DELHI: From left to right—Syed Ali Zaheer (Law, Post and Air), Mr. Jagivan Ram (Labour), Mr. Sarat Chandra Bose (Works, Mines and Power), Mr. Asaf Ali (Communications), Mr. Rajendra Prasad (Agriculture and Food), Mr. V. Patel (Home Affairs), Pandit Nehru (Chief Minister and External Affairs) and Lord Wavell. On the extreme right is the Viceroy's Private Secretary, Mr. Abell. All the members of the new Cabinet could not be present, but seven took the oath of allegiance and secrecy, which was administered by the Viceroy personally, and thus the country's affairs for the first time passed into the hands of an all-Indian Cabinet. Many recalled on this occasion Macaulay's prophecy made in 1833, when he declared it would be the proudest day in English history when Indians, having been instructed in European knowledge, demanded European institutions. Pandit Nehru, the leader of the new Government, was educated at Harrow

A Picture of the World.—But, half the world being mad, we may safely assume that these figments are believed by those who utter them. What, then, is the use of acting according to normal standards of reasonableness? What use to rely on words, on the expectation that all civilised nations will act on certain agreed standards of civilisation in international relations? We are in this condition: we are all in the same boat. Half the crew has gone mad as a result of their privations. The sane element might combine to throw the insane element overboard, since the insane element in its insanity is engaged in punching holes in the ship's side below the water-line, as a desperate remedy. But the sane element is too small to work the vessel home. What, then, can the sane element do but fold its hands and watch the wrecking with indifference, cynicism or despair? It is a nightmare picture, but it is not more utterly absurd than much that passes for truth and is accounted for as "propaganda" by those who do not tumble to the truth that half the world is temporarily insane as a result of war privations and sufferings. Small wonder if I do not feel it worth while to comment very seriously on the latest statesmanlike argument or to listen very attentively to "business done" in Paris. That is one side of the picture of the world to-day. It is not made less depressing by the footnote that the sane half of humanity is regarded by the insane half as . . . insane. There is a reverse side, of course, and it affords a less sombre view. It stresses certain "business done" amid the catcalls and growls (the Italo-Austrian paper settlement, for example, which reads well); it stresses the fact that despite all the spanners and grit in the works, the international machine is somehow managing to ward off mass deaths by starvation. It still dangles the hope that this time the Big Four or Five will see the red light through the mists of suspicion.

Redistribution of Seats.—London comprises twenty-eight Metropolitan Boroughs which at present return sixty Members. The Permanent Boundary Commission has lately published its London recommendations which entail the "axing" of one-third of London's M.P.s. It is a mighty reform, and it is worked out on the broad principles of the 1830's. What has happened (under our eyes but out of our minds) in London in the last generation is this: Central London has ceased to be a congested residential area and London has sprawled out to urbanise what once were sparse village communities. So it is that while Westminster, Chelsea, Kensington, and so on have lost a big proportion of residents, the outlying suburbs have Parliamentary representation adequate for only half their populations. Thus while Lewisham gains a Member, the famous St. George's, Westminster, is "axed" and Chelsea takes over the St. George's wards. The principle of division is to secure one Member to about 52,000 voters, whereby the size of the House should return to its former total of 615. Of the London seats affected, forty-eight, no fewer, are now in Labour hands. The City of London, with its 10,000 electors, returns two Members and is excluded from the Commission's axe—on paper. Several of Mr. Attlee's colleagues, and Mr. Attlee himself, represent "axed" constituencies.

Monuments.—Robert Browning and Miss Barrett of Wimpole Street were married at St. Marylebone Church on September 12, 1846. Few young couples anticipate that a century hence the celebration of their marriage will be the subject of a national commemoration. There is reason to believe that both the participants, if they had considered the possibility, would not have dismissed it as fantastic. They would have been right. A notable commemoration was held in the Parish Church, with a duchess to declaim Elizabeth's, and an earl to recite Robert's poetry. Just as it should be. Some think that the Parish Church was rather presumptuous to plan a more permanent memorial to the Brownings. I don't hold that opinion. Any denomination, institution or sect which a century hence decides to erect a memorial to the Old Stager, will have the courteous acknowledgments of that ancient shade wirelessed across the Styx. There will be no religious bias on my side. And that leads me to cast my vote in the great Fountains controversy. A lovely ruin is a gracious thing, but a live house is better than a dead museum. We have in England too many museums already, and now, alas! all too few great, living houses. I do not think it is beyond the wit of our architects, given the money, the labour, and the right materials, one day to restore Fountains to life, without spoiling the ruins of the ancient craftsmen's genius. And I think that they should have the chance to show what can be done.

Holiday Footnote.—I came back the other day from a brief holiday on the Dorset coast. We splashed home through flooded roads between stooks of corn standing "knee-deep" in water. . . . Until we found ourselves in the New Forest on dry ground under a golden September sun; and so we paid another pious pilgrimage to that gem of our inheritance, Beaulieu Abbey. When we got home to Sussex, we found the lawn once more like a hayfield and 4.90 ins. of rain in the rain gauge, the product of thirteen days of August-September weather! In Dorset we had four fine days out of thirteen. On the remainder gales of great intensity, and usually accompanied by torrential rain, were the order of the day and night. The sea was a fearful spectacle day after day. But . . . so well do the men of Dorset understand the art of getting something out of life (in comparison with the men of the counties called "Home" Counties) that we never ceased for a minute to derive stimulus and enjoyment from the process of having ozone pumped into us by Nature's pressure pump. I got through three good mackintoshes and two pairs of shoes, but I had the time of my life in Dorset. I wish the men of Sussex could learn from the West Countrymen a little *initiative* and some of the arts of making community life attractive and distracting. It is, I suppose, the curse of the *wen*—London—whose close proximity makes the Home County folk so un-self-reliant and un-self-sufficient. *We* dismally queue up for the cinema. *They* in the West have a score of healthy sports and community interests and distractions.

It Rained.—Just under 10 ins. of rain fell on my Sussex garden between August 1 and September 8. Standing in a field of stooks, set above the floods, I observed on every stook a table of brilliant green, the sprouting corn. On September 8 we prayed for fine weather. The Archbishop of York chose for intercession a day of whole-water downpour—more than an inch fell that day on the sea of floods. And Monday, the 9th, was a golden day, set fair. His stroke should fill the churches again, unless our rain-sodden nation concludes that by September 8 the skies had no more tears left to shed over the drowned hopes of the farmers and holiday-makers, and over the miserable reward of a year of intense labour in fields and gardens and factories and offices.

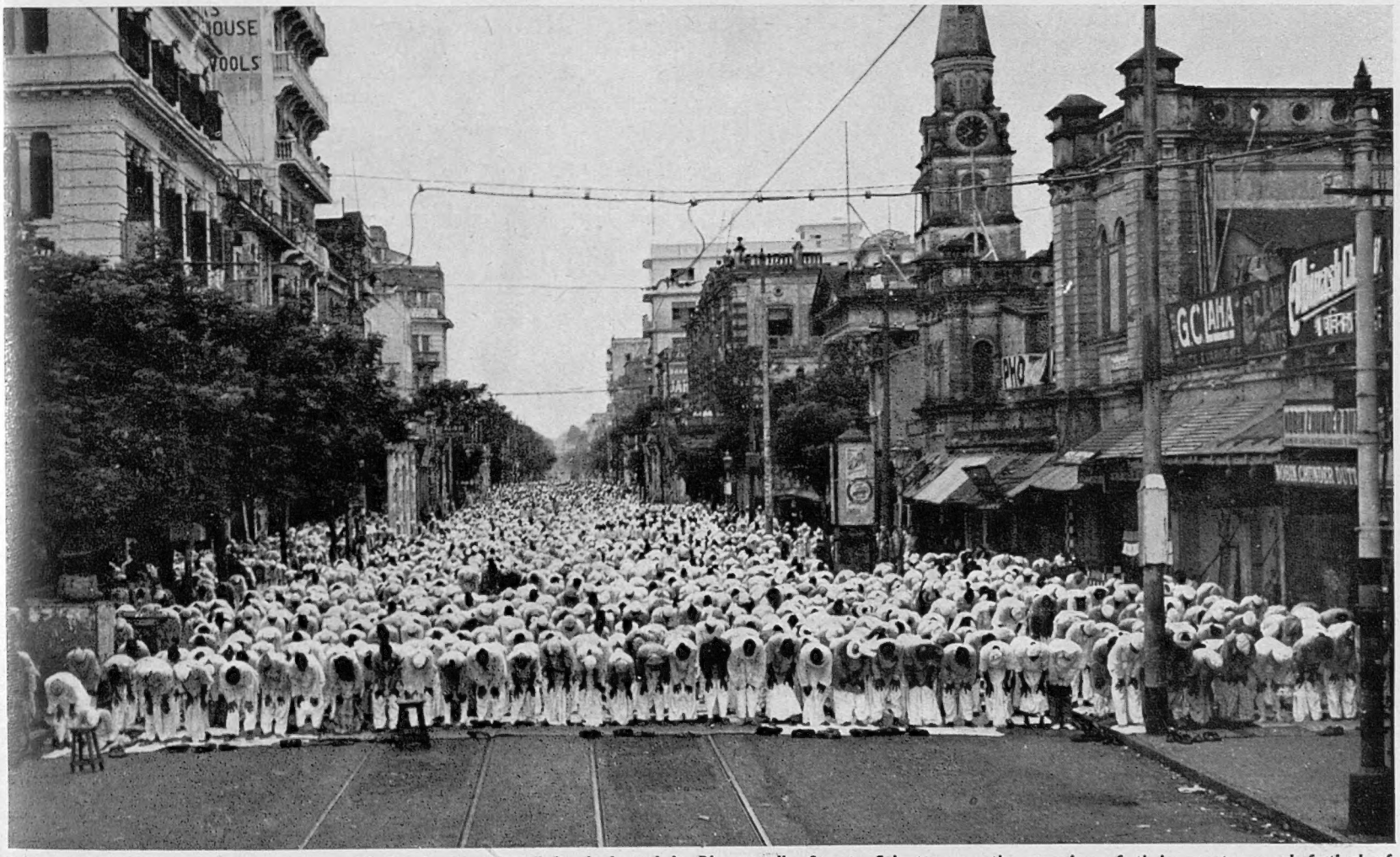
THE OLD STAGER

THE FINISH OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER : Mr. J. E. Ferguson's grey, Airborne, the winner of the Derby, trained by Perryman and ridden by Lowrey, winning the last of the classics in convincing style from his stable companion Murren, with Lord Astor's Fast and Fair third

AIRBORNE'S LEGER

The Derby Winner Stays On

Airborne, who created such a surprise in the Derby, landing odds of 50 to 1, proved what a good stayer he really is when winning the St. Leger at Doncaster last week. The win comes at an opportune moment, when the staying qualities of British bloodstock are somewhat in eclipse, and it was a personal triumph for R. Perryman, the jockey who has turned trainer with such marked success, as the second horse, 40 to 1 Murren, comes from the same stable. In the last two furlongs Airborne responded with rare courage, passing the post a clear winner amid a storm of cheers from one of the greatest crowds ever seen on the Town Moor. It is hoped that Airborne will compete in the Gold Cup at Ascot next year and, by holding off the inevitable French challenge, will set the seal on his fame before retiring to stud



THE PEOPLE PAUSE : Muslims standing with hands clasped and heads bowed in Dharamtolla Street, Calcutta, on the occasion of their great annual festival of Eid-ul-Fitr. At this feast they break their prolonged fast. This year the festival coincided with the installation of India's first All-Indian Cabinet

CALCUTTA'S MUSLIMS

Turn from Strife to Prayer

After the tumult of preceding weeks, in which Calcutta was the scene of bitter racial feuds, of bloodshed, arson and pillage, the Muslim festival of Eid-ul-Fitr provided a lull in the political storm, and for one day the Muslim community turned to prayer and thanksgiving. In the political sphere the Muslim Leaguers, and their leader, Mr. Jinnah, remained aloof from the new Interim Government of India, but at the end of last week Mr. Jinnah again saw the Viceroy to discuss the problems of this vast minority which can make or mar the future peace of the whole sub-continent. The approach to Mr. Jinnah was made by Lord Wavell personally, as it was felt that the political deadlock between Muslim and Hindu must be terminated, while the threat of further racial riots must be removed at all costs

THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL MEETS AT ITS NEW HEADQUARTERS AT LAKE SUCCESS, LONG ISLAND : The delegates in public session when there was a lively debate on the Russian-supported complaint by the Ukraine that Greece, aided by Britain, was endangering the peace of the Balkans. In the centre of the arc sits Dr. Lange, of Poland

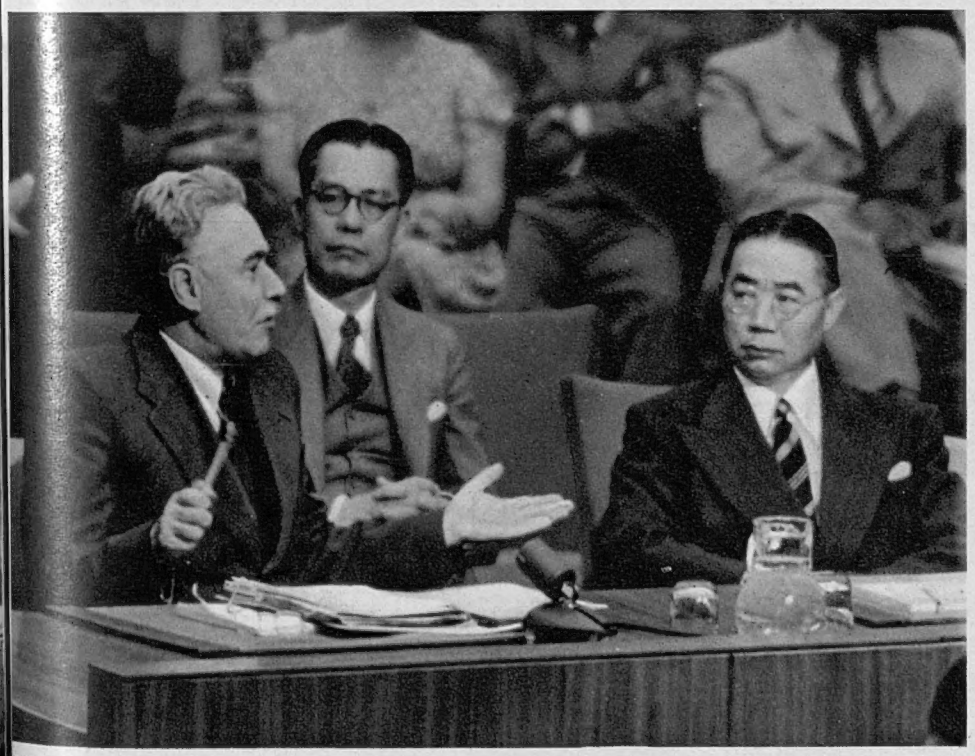
CONFERENCES at LAKE SUCCESS, LONDON and PARIS

GREECE DEFENDS HER ATTITUDE : M. Dendramis (right foreground), the Greek Ambassador to the United States, reading a statement in reply to the Ukrainian charges before the Security Council of the United Nations. The Ambassador declared that although Greece claimed Epirus from Albania, this by no means indicated future aggressive action

The Security Council of the United Nations has left behind the bustle of New York and finds itself in session at happily-named Lake Success. The opening business of the session was concerned with the admission of further countries to membership of the United Nations, Sweden Iceland and Afghanistan, a strangely-assorted trio, being welcomed into the fold, and Eire, Portugal, Albania, Outer Mongolia and Transjordan left waiting at the door. There was excitement from the start, with Mr. Gromyko rejecting Transjordan's claim wholly on the basis that the U.S.S.R. and the new Hashemite Kingdom are not on terms of diplomatic understanding. More trouble followed in the second week as Mr. Manuilsky, Ukrainian Foreign Minister, preached fire and thunder against Greek aspirations in the Balkans, roundly asserting that Britain was aiding and abetting her in designs upon Albanian territory

THE AYES HAVE IT—THE SECURITY COUNCIL ADMITS NEW MEMBERS TO THE UNITED NATIONS : A picture taken during a session of the Council at Lake Success, Long Island, as delegates voted for the admission of Sweden, Iceland and Afghanistan. On the left is Dr. Lange, of Poland, and the other delegates in the front row are Mr. Gromyko (Russia), Sir Alexander Cadogan (Great Britain), Mr. Herschel Johnson (the United States) and Mr. Paul Hasluck (Australia). Sir Alexander Cadogan engaged in several verbal duels with Mr. Manuilsky, the Ukrainian delegate, and discredited a portion of his evidence against the Greeks

THE PALESTINE CONFERENCE OPENS IN LONDON—MR. ATTLEE ADDRESSING THE DELEGATES FROM THE SEVEN ARAB LEAGUE STATES: The British Prime Minister making his inaugural speech in which he declared that the British Government was eager to hear the views of the Arab leaders of the Near East before arriving at any final conclusion as to the future of Palestine. The conference took place at Lancaster House, and at this opening session no Jewish representatives were present. Reading clockwise from the Prime Minister were: Mr. George Hall (the Colonial Secretary), Sir Norman Brook (U.K.), Samir Pasha Rifar (Transjordan), Emir Adil Arslan (Syria), Faris el-Khouri (Syria), Sheikh Hafiz Wahba (Saudi Arabia), Camille Bey Chamoun (Lebanon), Dr. Jamali (Iraq), Sanhouri Pasha (Egypt), Ahmad Amin Bey (Egypt), Fathi al-Aqqad (Egypt), Azzam Pasha (Secretary-General of the Arab League), the Emir Saif (Yemen), Dr. Fauzi al-Mulki (Yemen) and Mr. Bevin (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs)



DMITRI MANUILSKY HOLDS FORTH TO THE SECURITY COUNCIL: Watched by the impassive Dr. Hsta, of China, the Ukrainian Foreign Minister states his case against Greece. This dramatic picture was taken at Lake Success, Long Island, during the recent session at which Greece was indicted for alleged aggressive intentions in the Balkans. Mr. Manuilsky spoke with force and conviction, but Mr. Herschel Johnson, of the United States, defended Greece in a brief and forthright statement which answered the Ukrainian's arguments effectively. Sir Alexander Cadogan forced Mr. Manuilsky into admission of a "minor error"

IN THE LOBBIES OF THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE: WHAT DO WE DO NOW? Dr. Edward Kardeliz, Vice-Premier of Yugoslavia, consulting with Mr. Molotov, Russia's Foreign Minister, during an interval in the Paris Peace Conference. They had just received news of America's firm note to Yugoslavia following the shooting down of U.S. aircraft over Yugoslav territory

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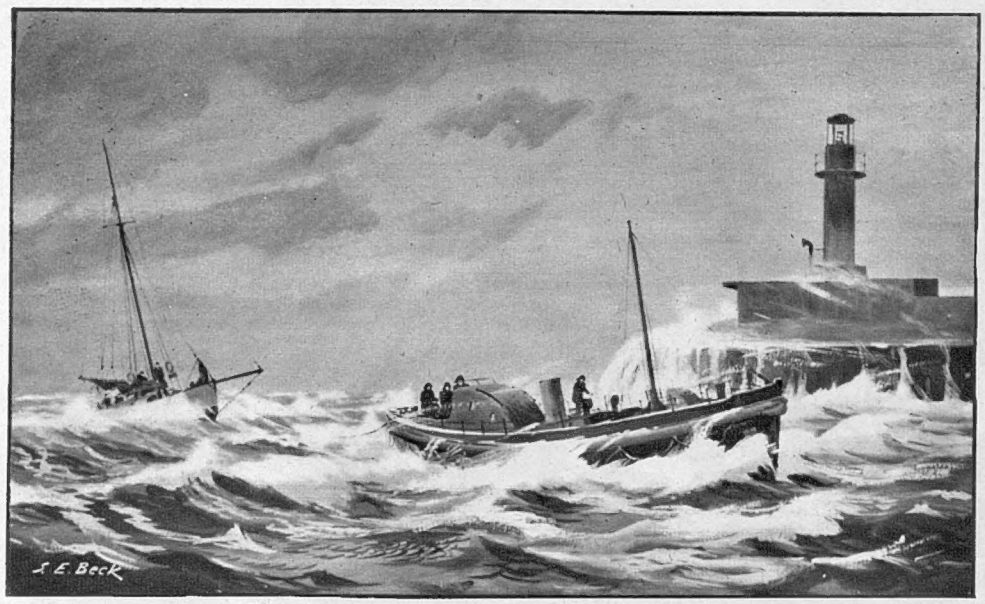
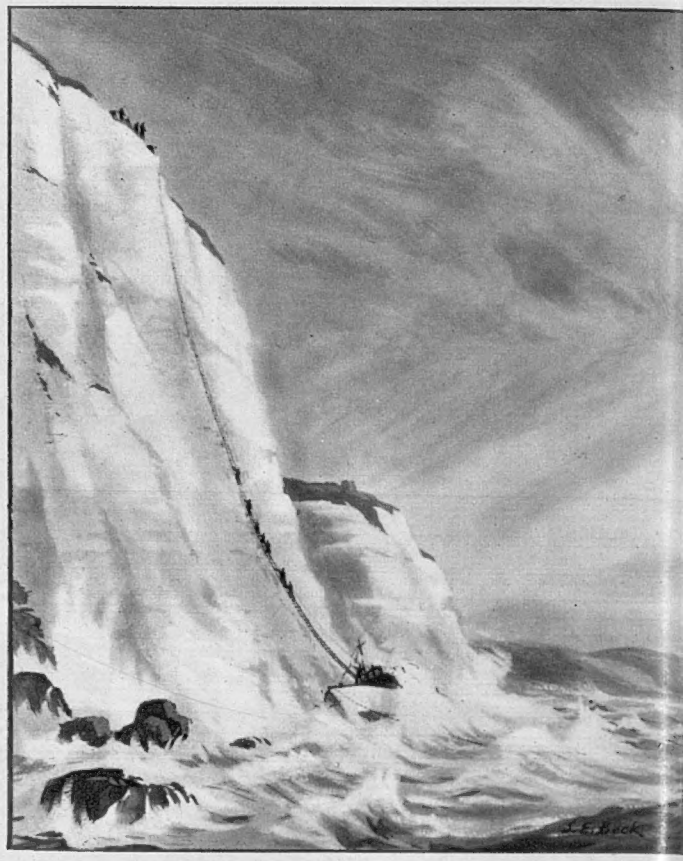


THE RESCUE OF THE "ZISKA": The 10-ton auxiliary yacht, which was returning from Ostend to Whitby, being towed into Lowestoft Harbour after the lifeboat had saved her from being wrecked on the Newcome Sands. In the yacht were the owner, Mr. W. McAlpine Jackson, his wife, and a party of friends. The lifeboat was not fully manned, and the crew included a volunteer, Mrs. A. Gooch, a holiday visitor from Leicester, who helped with the task of rescue. The "Ziska" was only one of many little ships which encountered trouble round Britain's coasts during the stormy last days of August and the beginning of September and the lifeboats were constantly in action—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE COASTAL STEAMER "DEVONBROOK": Rescuers attempting to throw a line to the fourteen members of the crew as the vessel drifted past the lighthouse at Blyth, Northumberland, before breaking up on the rocks a little way to the north. When the storm subsided it was found that the "Devonbrook" had broken her back, and that she had been badly holed. The crew was eventually rescued by the Blyth lifeboat which put out in mountainous seas. This part of the north-east coast is notorious for bad weather, and it had its full share in the late August and early September gales—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING WARWICK TRANSPORT: Two R.A.F. Coastal Command Liberators cruising over the Cornish coast when searching for the plane, with a crew of four, which had left Istres Airfield, near Marseilles, and had disappeared without trace. Reports were current that a machine had crashed into the sea off the Lizard, and this coincided with the fact that the lost machine, after giving a location near St. Malo, had signalled its expected arrival time in Cornwall. That was the last message. The search went on for two days over sea and lonely moorland before being finally abandoned—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

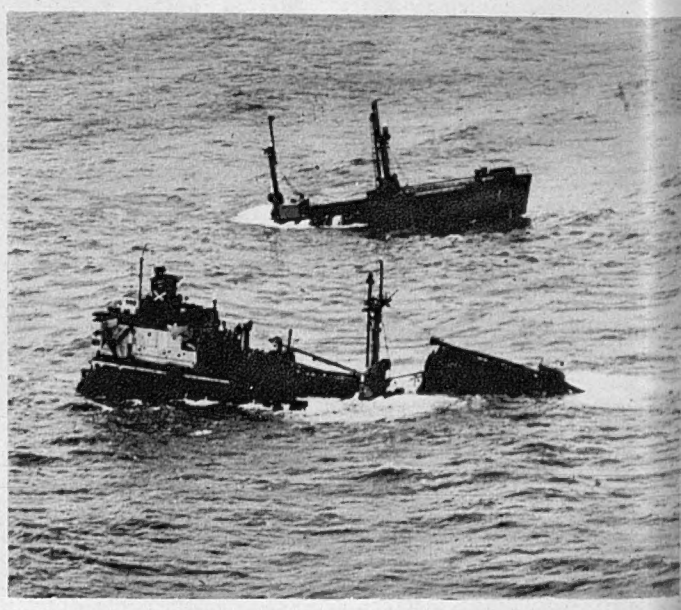


A DRAMATIC RESCUE ON THE CLIFFS OF FRESHWATER BAY: While the 51-ton yacht "Islay Mist" was being pounded to pieces on the rocks, coastguards lowered a rope-ladder to the boat, made it fast, and enabled the occupants to escape. On board the "Islay Mist" were Major Dennis Berry, second son of Viscount Kemsley, and his daughters, Susan and Barbara, aged eight and ten, and the children's nurse. In a howling gale they had to climb 400 ft. to the summit of Tennyson Down. The Yarmouth (I.O.W.) lifeboat, which had been called out, could not get quite near enough to put a line on board the stricken yacht—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

BRITAIN IN STORM AND FLOOD

Wild Seas Cause Havoc on the Coast, and Rain Ruins the Harvest

As summer turned to autumn, that "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," storms raged round the coasts of Britain, and inland great areas were flooded as the rain poured down day after day with hardly a pause. On some parts of the coast lifeboats were constantly at work rescuing craft great and small, and on the farms there was idleness, the farmers watching, helpless, the crops rotting in the fields. One of the most dramatic rescues at sea was that of Major Dennis Berry and his two daughters, whose yacht was driven on the rocks below Tennyson Down, Isle of Wight. The Yarmouth lifeboat could not get a line to them, and they were saved by the Coastal Rocket Life-Saving Crews, who lowered a rope-ladder 400 ft. down the cliffs. Mr. G. Philpott, the station officer of Freshwater Coastguards, then clambered down and fastened the ladder to the deck of the 51-ton yacht. After being rescued, Major Berry said he had taken shelter in Freshwater Bay because of the mountainous seas, but his anchor cable parted and the yacht was driven in towards the cliffs. Only by flashing a strong spotlight was the plight of the party at length brought to the attention of the coastguards



A LIBERTY SHIP BREAKS IN TWO: The bows and the stern of the 7,000-ton freighter "David Caldwell" after she had been driven aground by a violent gale in the Gironde Estuary in the first week of September. After being pounded by mountainous seas, the vessel broke up. Lifeboats attempting to rescue the crew were driven back to port by the storm, and eventually the men got away on rafts dropped by a seaplane

THE AVON AND THE NADDER OVERFLOW THEIR BANKS—FLOODED AGRICULTURAL LAND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SALISBURY: This picture is typical of conditions in vast areas of Britain following the rains of August which continued into the first week of September, bringing harvesting almost to a standstill. In some counties it was estimated that 30 per cent. of the corn harvest was lost at the beginning of September and that only a sustained spell of brilliant sunshine could save the rest of it. In Suffolk last week farmers were working by moonlight in the hope of getting in their crops during a lull

THE FLOODED FIELDS OF BREAMBRE—ANOTHER TRAGIC HARVEST-TIME SCENE FROM THE SALISBURY DISTRICT: Away in the distance can be seen acres of uncut corn, fields too sodden by rain for the harvesting machines to operate in them, while on the right is stooked corn which is so damp that it would not be possible to bring it into the ricks until it had been subjected to several days of continuous sunshine. Prayers for fine weather were offered in the churches

MONARCHY AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR

In Europe To-day There are Only Seven Thrones Which Have Survived the Struggle of 1939-1945

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WITH only one uncertainty (and that a small one) still to be regulated, it is possible to present an almost complete table of kingship as it came to be affected by Hitler's War. While not so severe as losses suffered through the first World War, casualties in Europe have been about 30 per cent. of the restricted number of monarchies that remained in 1939. Had great empires existed as they did in 1918, the percentage of loss must have been far higher. In fact, there is but one conclusion to draw from both wars—that if modern war doesn't pay, least of all does it pay reigning dynasties.

Reduced to its simplest geographical expression, monarchy continues to operate only in two relatively small parts of the world: along the north-west fringe of Europe, and in the Arab lands bounded by Egypt and Persia. Even in Persia a Shah had to be removed by foreigners. But more than balancing this is the undoubted rise of young King Farouk, as a force in the Middle East, and the continued importance of Ib'n Saud.

It is too early for any definite judgment in the case of the Balkans, which show a very tattered picture of monarchy in any event, while out in the Orient, the only other part of the world where emperors and kings were still on their thrones in 1939, the picture of monarchy is, if possible, drabber still. We are offered the spectacle of Hirohito and his heir bowing and scraping to General MacArthur in that fearful civil apparel which Japanese seemingly alone get hold of; one young King of Siam has been killed and his successor finds Switzerland healthier; and the one-time Emperor of China plays a very modest part under Russian interrogation. South of the China Seas, Indonesia and Burma lean strongly to republicanism of an eastern brand, while the advent of self-government in India causes the Ruling Princes to review their positions as a precautionary measure.

Monarchy outside of Europe is not the same thing as inside it. In the former instance it has yet to measure its possibilities of survival alongside democracy, and for that reason the two most interesting thrones outside Europe are those of Japan and Egypt.

For a start to the European story, the year 1909 is a useful notch. I took my first youthful, six-guinea spin to Lucerne in that blithe time of "Teddy" and Minoru. What has that to do with monarchy? It has this: that the Helvetian Confederation was one of the two republics in all Europe at that epoch. The other was France. It may interest the younger generation to know that the middle-aged of to-day knew only monarchy on the map of Europe (and well into Asia), exception made of France and Switzerland (and, if you like, San Marino and Andorra!).

Portugal was the third to espouse the republican solution, in 1910, and there the table stood up to 1914.

That war was fought with the score, approximately, at twenty monarchies and three republics. At its close, the great empires of Russia, Germany and Austria had fallen, bringing down lesser monarchies with them, and, by contrast, at least eighteen republics showed on the European map. The main lesson was clear: that monarchies could not survive (*a*) the loss of a war of aggression, and (*b*) trampling on the democratic system.

In the inter-war years the Spanish Monarchy ceased on account of (*b*), while the Kings of Greece and Rumania had to go for the same reason (though subsequently replaced). Dictatorships also prepared for the exit at a later date of the Kings of Italy and Yugoslavia.

In 1939 monarchy prevailed in the following European countries: the United Kingdom, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Italy, Albania. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg was of like pattern, while in Hungary, Horthy was still Regent for the unworn crown of St. Stephen. It was not a strong picture, and it rapidly grew weaker as kings became engulfed by the ideological conflict.

Hitler set great store on roping-in kings. He wanted to corral them all in the 1940 Blitzkrieg so as to use them as royal gauleiters. At all costs, they were not to reach Britain, and so was witnessed the Luftwaffe's murderous pursuits of Kings Haakon, George and Peter, and the German parachutists' attempts to capture Holland's Queen and Princess. All of these managed to reach London; all, as a result, had a fair chance to return; and only one failed to "make it."

King Haakon and Queen Wilhelmina returned with much-enhanced prestige to their respective countries. King Peter was badly managed, but he fell between two stools marked "Tito" and "Mihailovitch." It was a pity about Peter, who, after British training, might have established constitutional monarchy in Yugoslavia, where his father had been a popular hero, whether dictatorial or not. As for the King of the Hellenes, he is the only monarch who fought all the way for his throne and managed to retain it under a plebiscite. The Luxemburg dynasty was also successfully relaunched from London, though a minor who escaped Hitler and reached England, yet failed to be re-accepted, was Zog.

Turning to the Sovereigns who did not seek sanctuary in Britain, and either played Hitler's game or tactfully bided their time, they were six in number: King Gustav, King Christian, King Victor-Emmanuel (later King Humbert), King Michael, King Boris (later King Simeon) and King Leopold. Of these, the first two are as firmly on their thrones as they were in 1939, Christian possibly more firmly by reason of his high bearing. The others have met with varied fates.

Old Victor heads the kings-in-exile by the Nile. Humbert chose the Tagus, though he left behind him nigh 10,000,000 votes in his favour. Young Michael of Rumania affords the first example of a king under Soviet management. The duration of his kingship depends on his complete subserviency to "foreign bayonets." Boris was poisoned, probably by the Berchtesgaden house-party, and his boy, Simeon, is joining the Nile exile camp, along with his mother, Queen Joanna. Which leaves King Leopold, who represents the remaining uncertainty mentioned at the outset.

His Majesty wants a plebiscite and, after what happened in Greece, there 's no knowing but that he mightn't win it. He used to be extremely popular in the late '30's, when it was well known that he was of dictatorial bent and did not intend to risk throwing in Belgium's fate with Britain and France. Many Belgians must have that on their consciences. On the other hand, if King Leopold does effect a return, it can only be by a narrow margin, will assuredly arouse violent trouble, and so may imperil a continuation of the Royal House, at present assured for young Baudouin under the Regency of Prince Charles.

The present position of monarchy in Europe, therefore, boils down to this:

It survives only along a north-western fringe of the Continent, and in Greece. It is hard to include Michael. Another casualty, of a kind, has been Regent Horthy. The second World War has left but seven monarchies: Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Greece, along with the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

Mr. de Valera sees nothing in Eire being both a Monarchy and a Republic, so the situation cancels itself out in that quarter. There is a faint chance that Juan may increase the total to eight European monarchies, but there is also the faint chance of Belgium switching to republicanism in certain circumstances.

Again, the Greek Restoration has yet to prove itself in that difficult political operation, a dynastic revival that has been backed from abroad. Kings retrieved in such circumstances have, before now, grown morbidly self-conscious, unsure of themselves, and for that very reason have inclined to put on the unconstitutional pressure.

Contemplating the further decline of monarchy as a result of 1939-45, the same two major faults that brought it down a generation earlier operated once more. Dynasties that threw in their lot with aggression, and lost, or that tried to carry on under dictatorships, have either vanished or been reduced to rubber-stamps. Italy, Bulgaria and Rumania demonstrate this verity.

Victorious, non-aggressive Yugoslavia lost its King from a third cause, ideological pressure, which also threatened the Belgian monarchy. Greece, also non-aggressive and victorious, has another chance to preserve its monarchy, which it can only hope to do by breaking once and for all with that sure killer of kingship: dictatorial rule.

Many will deem it a serious loss that kingship has been so engulfed by circumstance in this century, that it has been so squandered, too. For it is perfectly true that if a constitutional monarchy be properly worked, it has little to fear by comparison with a republic. Monarchy is easier to operate. It is less corrupt. It gives more personal liberty than other regimes. It provides greater continuity and steadiness, a family respect for headship and, not least, more colour.

On the other hand, monarchy can be made the tool of a reactionary clericalism and of a grasping ruling class. A strong case can be made out in support of the view that most of the fallen monarchs of the twentieth century—and what a series the century has provided!—got what they deserved.

Well, Europe has now to sort itself out for the first time in an overwhelmingly non-monarchist setting; "non-monarchist" because the substituted regimes are by no means uniformly "republican," as the term has hitherto been applied. Only about 80,000,000 remain under monarchy, against close upon 400,000,000 in the other camp.

BUCHAREST HAS A VICTORY PARADE: Rumanian factory-workers carrying the flags of the Allied nations during the march-past on August 23 to mark the second anniversary of the Rumanian break with the Axis Powers. As the workers passed the saluting-base they cried "Long live King Michael!" and, with even greater fervour, they cheered Petra Groza, the Communist Prime Minister. Russian, British and American military delegates stood beside the Rumanian leaders. Further pictures of this parade and of monarchist and anti-monarchist activity appear on page 365 of this issue

PALESTINE INCIDENT

Pictures by Air from Haifa of the Transference of 1,200 Illegal Immigrants from "The Four Freedoms" Caique

TRANSHIPMENT AT HAIFA: A British officer, with his megaphone, directs operations as some of the 1,200 illegal immigrants from the hulk, *The Four Freedoms*, are transferred to the *Empire Heywood* for transportation to Cyprus. *The Four Freedoms*, falling to pieces with age, was quite unseaworthy

SHE CARRIED 1,200 ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS: *The Four Freedoms* alongside the *Empire Heywood* at Haifa as the passengers were transhipped for Cyprus. For the last three days of their voyage the passengers were without water, and when *The Four Freedoms* reached Haifa 300 were ill, many through drinking the sea-water

CYPRUS-BOUND: Illegal immigrants behind barbed wire after being transferred from *The Four Freedoms* to the *Empire Heywood*. The barbed wire prevented the younger men from jumping into the water and swimming for the shore

BELOW DECKS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN HELL-SHIP: With hammocks slung three-high and in close proximity, conditions in *The Four Freedoms* were almost unbearable for the 1,200 passengers. Two British soldiers are standing amid the chaotic hold

BRITISH TROOPS DO THEIR BEST FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING OF "THE FOUR FREEDOMS": *Left*—An immigrant prostrated by thirst and exhaustion receives a drink from a soldier's water-bottle. *Right*—Husband and wife are persuaded to make an effort to move during the evacuation of "The Four Freedoms"

In every kind of boat, seaworthy or unseaworthy, powered or driven by sail, covered or open, illegal Jewish immigrants from Europe have sought for months past to enter the Holy Land in defiance of the quota regulations; but nothing has surpassed in horror the conditions found aboard *The Four Freedoms* when this leaking hulk was intercepted off the coast of Palestine and brought into Haifa. Aboard *The Four Freedoms* were 1,200 men, women and children, and of these 300 were seriously ill either on account of acute thirst or because of drinking sea-water in their desperation. With bulkheads crumbling and the hull leaking in many places, *The Four Freedoms* was a veritable hell-ship, and below decks the British troops who boarded her in the face of opposition discovered scenes of indescribable chaos and misery. Acting with speed, *The Four Freedoms* was quickly cleared of passengers, and those who were in worst condition, particularly mothers and children, were sent to the Athlit Clearance Camp on the outskirts of Haifa. The rest of the immigrants were transferred to the *Empire Heywood*, and, in accordance with current practice, were shipped off to Cyprus, there to await a decision as to their future and the future of Palestinian immigration. *The Four Freedoms*, which was originally named the *Conio*, is registered at Savrona. It appears that she had picked up passengers at a number of Mediterranean ports, as immigrants reported having been on board fourteen, twelve, ten and eight days. They still had food supplies on reaching Haifa, but no water.

H.M.S. "SWIFTSURE" RETURNS FROM THE FAR EAST: The 8,000-ton cruiser, name-ship of her class, greeted by naval ratings on her arrival at Chatham after two years spent on oversea service. The "Swiftsure," which was built by Vickers-Armstrong on the Tyne, was begun in 1941 and completed in 1944. She has the distinction of being the first British warship to link with the American Fleet in the Pacific, beginning an association that concluded with the naval bombardment of the Japanese coast. The "Swiftsure" carries nine 6-in. guns and ten 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, together with numerous pom-poms. Her armament also includes six 21-in. torpedo-tubes. In plan she is very similar to the ships of the Uganda class—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

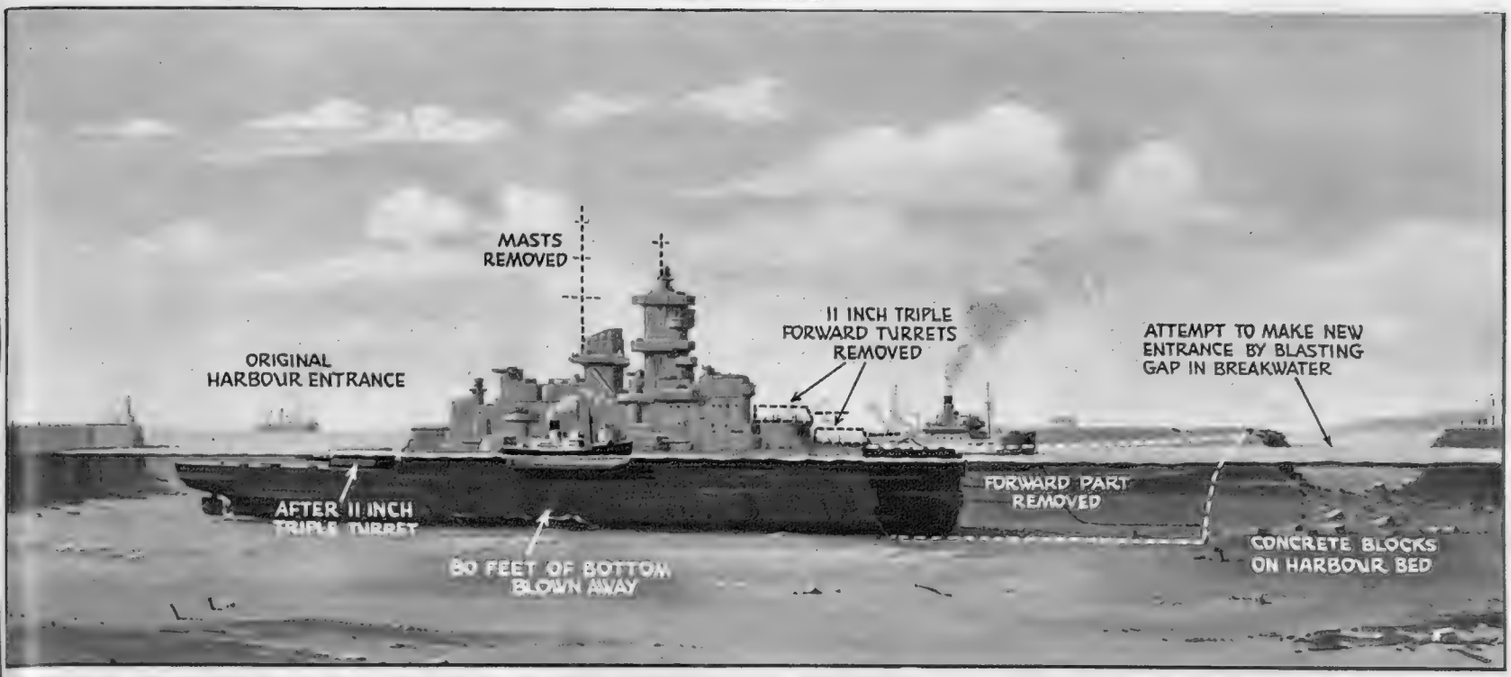
Naval Occasions

RETURN OF THE "SWIFTSURE"

Raising German Vessels in Baltic Waters: The *Franklin D. Roosevelt* Pays a Visit to Lisbon

BRITISH SUBMARINES FOR THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN NAVY: The "Venturer," the "Votary" and the "Viking" lying between the depot-ship "Forth" and the "Æneas" (P 427) at Rothesay, in the Firth of Clyde. They have now been taken over by Norwegian crews and have been renamed "Utstein" "Uthaug" and "Utvaer." The official ceremony of handing over, when the White Ensign was lowered, was conducted by Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy, the Flag Officer Submarines at the Admiralty

The submarines *Venturer* and *Viking*, which saw service during the war attacking German shipping in Norwegian waters, and their sister-ship, the *Votary*, all three of them modern vessels, are now units of the Royal Norwegian Navy, having been handed over officially by Rear-Admiral Creasy, Flag Officer Submarines at the Admiralty, and received by Commodore J. E. Jakobsen, of the Royal Norwegian Navy. At the ceremony at Rothesay recently the White Ensign was lowered, the Norwegian flags raised, and the new name-plates of the ships were at the same time unveiled. They will now be known as the *Utstein*, the *Uthaug* and the *Utvaer*. On their journey to Norway the submarines will be commanded by Lieut.-Commander Valvatne, who played a conspicuous role in the war at sea. These submarines have a displacement of between 600 and 700 tons, and they each carry six 21-in. torpedo-tubes. They are a handy and useful type, and it was found during the war that they were capable of being produced in large numbers at a cost of about £200,000 each. Already several of them have been transferred to Allied navies.



THE RUSSIANS ARE SALVING THE NAZI BATTLESHIP "GNEISENAU": A diagrammatic sketch showing the vessel at the entrance to Gdynia Harbour, where she was sunk as blockship in the closing stages of the war. Engineers of the Red Navy, assisted by German engineers, are now engaged in raising the *Gneisenau*, and it is possible that she will be put into service as a moored off-shore battery. After the *Gneisenau* made her dash up-Channel with the *Scharnhorst* and the *Prinz Eugen* in February 1942, she was placed in dry-dock and her fore-part was cut off with a view to replacing it and fitting her for commerce-raiding. The plan never came to fruition and, when she was sunk as blockship, 80 ft. of her hull were blown away. There is tremendous naval activity at Gdynia at the present moment, and sunken German shipping of every kind is being salvaged by the Russians.—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS: The German submarine U 3503 seen after being raised to the surface off Gothenburg, Sweden. She was scuttled by her own crew after the capitulation in May 1945, but she was not badly damaged and the Swedish naval divers had no difficulty in sealing the hull and preparing it for lifting. The submarine is now at anchor in Gothenburg Harbour. Between 1935 and 1945 the Germans built 1,174 submarines, of which 785 were lost. Of those remaining over 100 were scuttled at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, and they have since been refloated and demolished

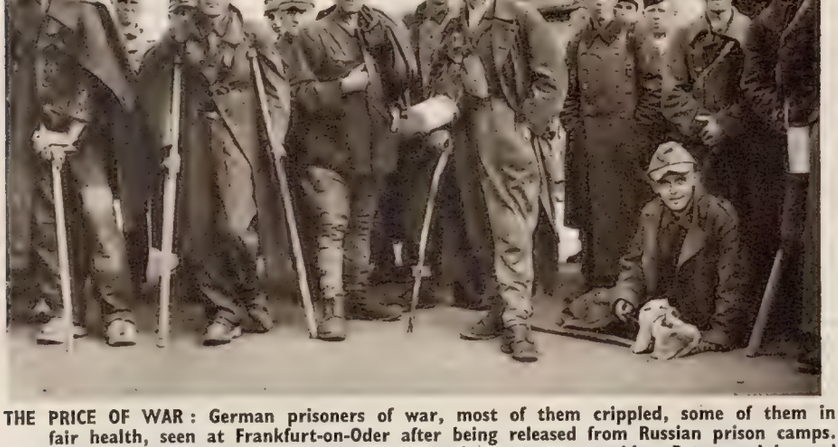
AMERICA'S LATEST AND GREATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER PAYS A GOODWILL CALL AT LISBON: A scene on the flight-deck of the 45,000-ton "Franklin D. Roosevelt" on the occasion of the visit to the warship by President Carmona, the Portuguese leader. The Portuguese flag flies from the mainmast above the Stars and Stripes, while the four-star flag of Admiral H. K. Hewitt, Commander of the United States Naval Forces in Europe, is seen at the cross-trees. The picture is also of special interest in that it shows some of the carrier's complicated radar equipment, providing automatic lay to her great battery of high-angle and low-angle guns which can be used against aircraft and surface craft. The *Franklin D. Roosevelt* belongs to a special class designed to take both fighters and bombers, and she represents a notable increase in size over the Essex-class carriers which did such remarkably fine service in the Pacific

THE "RAJAH" PUTS IN AT MALTA: The 11,000-ton escort aircraft-carrier seen on arrival at Valetta when bound on a trooping mission from the United Kingdom to Port Said. The *Rajah* is one of twenty-two ships converted from mercantile hulls and transferred from the United States Navy on Lease-Lend

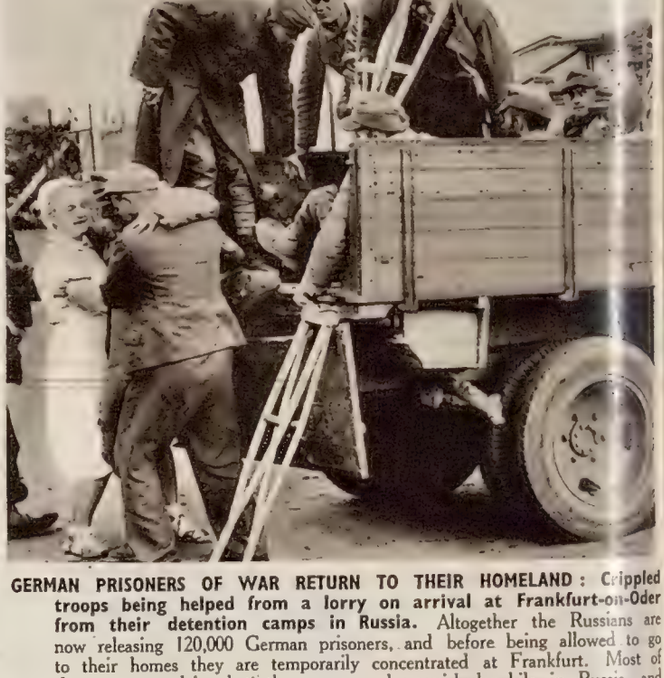
THIS TROUBLED WORLD
NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

UNEASY DAYS AT THE PARIS CONFERENCE: The special meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in session at the Quai D'Orsay, when Russia, France, China and Belgium appealed for a deferment in the opening of the General Assembly of the United Nations. Later Britain joined in the plea for deferment, and M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, communicated this recommendation to Mr. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations. Mr. Vishinsky and Mr. Molotov, the Russian delegates, are seen nearest the door. Towards the right (backs to camera) are Mr. Byrnes, the American Secretary of State, and Mr. Connally, the head of the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. At this Conference the Americans are represented both by Democrats and Republicans. The British representatives, Mr. McNeil and Mr. Alexander, are on the extreme right

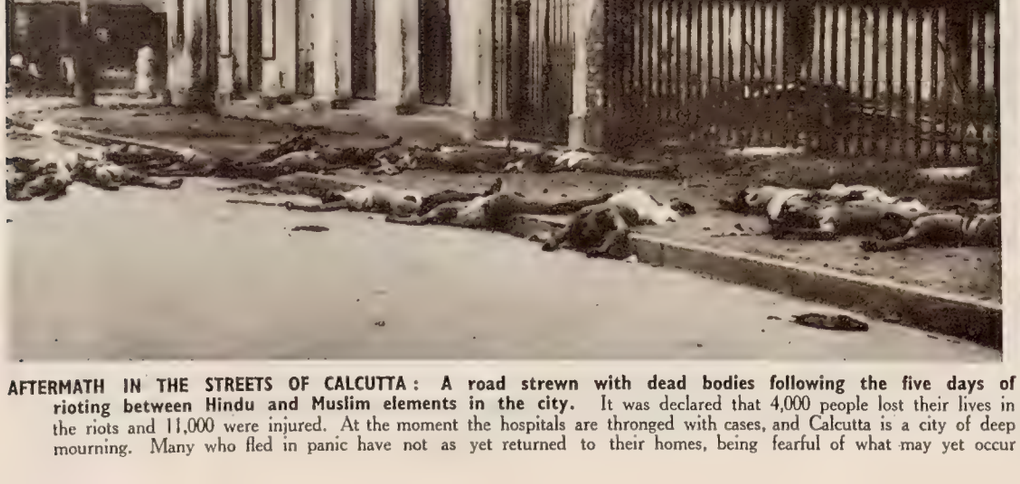
ADVANCED AS PROOF POSITIVE OF BRITISH PERFIDY: A print of this photograph was passed from hand to hand at the instigation of Mr. Manuilsky, the Ukrainian Foreign Minister, when he attacked British activities in Greece before the Security Council of U.N.O. when they met at Lake Success, New York State. Mr. Manuilsky declared that the figure standing left centre was that of a notorious Greek Fascist guerilla leader and that he was wearing the uniform of a British officer in the Royal Artillery. The charges against Britain fell rather flat, and did not arouse much interest among the other delegates



THE PRICE OF WAR: German prisoners of war, most of them crippled, some of them in fair health, seen at Frankfurt-on-Oder after being released from Russian prison camps. The number of leg injuries among the prisoners was notable. Between July and October of this year the Russians are releasing a total of 120,000 German prisoners



GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR RETURN TO THEIR HOMELAND: Crippled troops being helped from a lorry on arrival at Frankfurt-on-Oder from their detention camps in Russia. Altogether the Russians are now releasing 120,000 German prisoners, and before being allowed to go to their homes they are temporarily concentrated at Frankfurt. Most of the men complain that they were undernourished while in Russia, and their main anxiety is to get back to their wives and families. Some of them, captured during the first days of the German advance in 1941, have been in Russian hands five years. The seriously crippled are looked after by German nurses at the Frankfurt camp



AFTERMATH IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA: A road strewn with dead bodies following the five days of rioting between Hindu and Muslim elements in the city. It was declared that 4,000 people lost their lives in the riots and 11,000 were injured. At the moment the hospitals are thronged with cases, and Calcutta is a city of deep mourning. Many who fled in panic have not as yet returned to their homes, being fearful of what may yet occur

THE VICEROY SEES FOR HIMSELF: Field-Marshal Lord Wavell walking through a market area in Calcutta when he visited areas affected in the recent rioting. As he walked into the markets he saw rows of burnt stalls. The Viceroy was accompanied by the Governor of Bengal, Sir Frederick Burrows, and Lieut.-General Bucher, G.O.C. Eastern Command

LEOPOLD STILL HAS HIS ARDENT SUPPORTERS : A portrait of the fourth King of the Belgians, with a Belgian flag as background, adorning the platform at a monarchist meeting at Wilrijck, near Ambers. Such gatherings as this are a regular feature of life in Belgium these days, and the Catholic element is strong in its support of Leopold. Meanwhile, the Regent Charles exercises the functions of State in Brussels, and King Leopold, under the name of Prince de Réthy, remains in seclusion in Switzerland. He has by no means given up hope of regaining his throne

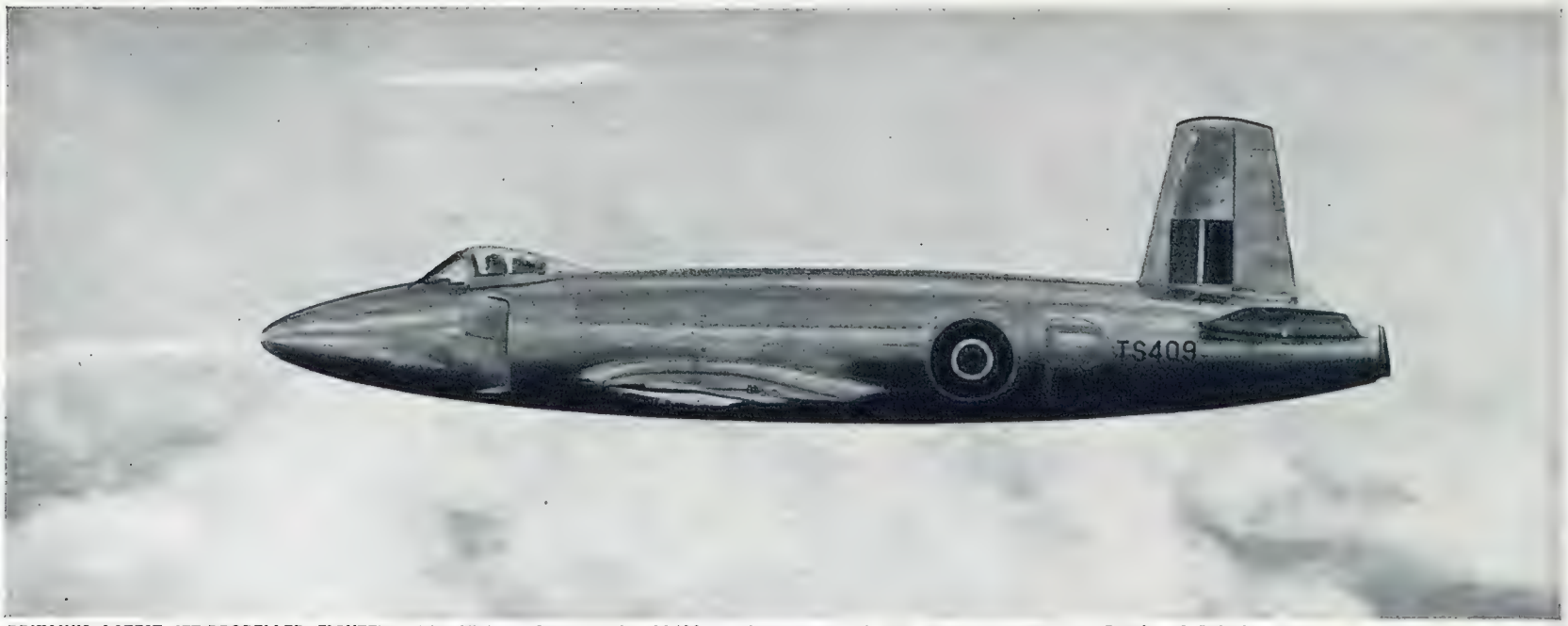
THE GREEKS AND THE MONARCHY : While 70 per cent. of Greeks voted for the return of King George II, these Left-Wing partisans demonstrated repeatedly during the days before the plebiscite for a Republican regime. Following the plebiscite, the Communists declared that the poll had been dishonestly conducted, and their leaders stated that the time had now arrived for action and, if necessary, for bloodshed

THE FORMER EMPEROR OF CHINA AND MANCHUKUO TAKES THE WITNESS-STAND : Mr. Henry Pu Yi (as he is now called) giving evidence in the Tokyo court before the International War Tribunal, which is trying Japan's war leaders. Pu Yi, who is himself under a cloud on the grounds of collaboration, declared his hatred for the Japanese and his desire to be revenged upon them for their brutal treatment of his wife

RUMANIA COMMEMORATES HER CHANGE OF FRONT : King Michael taking the salute at a march-past in Bucharest to celebrate the country's renunciation of the German alliance and its co-operation with the Allies. On the left are Air Vice-Marshal Stevenson and the Rumanian Premier, M. Groza, and on the right are Colonel-General Susaicov, of the Red Army, and General Schuyler, of the American Military Mission. King Michael is now in his twenty-fifth year. His father, ex-King Carol, spent the war years in Mexico. Marshal Antonescu, the wartime Premier of Rumania and collaborator with the Axis, was tried as a war criminal last May, found guilty, and executed on June 1 at Jilava Military Prison

THE TOLL OF THE NILE FLOODS : A Sudanese and his son standing among the ruins of their home, which was completely isolated as the great river spread far and wide across the country. The floods were due to heavy rainfall at the source of the Blue Nile, and on August 25 the river was carrying so much water that a state of emergency was declared throughout the Sudan. Kitchener Avenue, Khartoum, was reported to be wholly under water

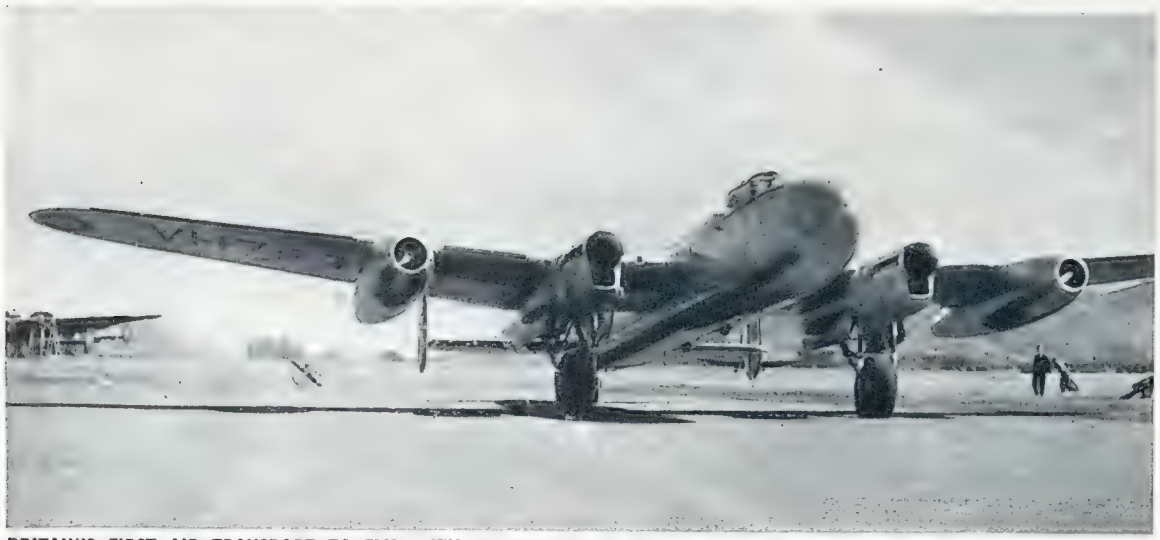
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ARRIVE IN PARIS : The Duke, in a check coat of startling pattern, and the Duchess seen outside the Ritz Hotel. They had just come from the Riviera, where they have spent the summer months at the Château de Croie, near Cannes, and have been entertaining on a large scale. The Duke's future plans are uncertain, but it has been rumoured that he may spend at least a part of the autumn in England



BRITAIN'S LATEST JET-PROPELLED FIGHTER: The Vickers Supermarine 10/44, a descendant of the famous Spitfire of Battle of Britain days, is powered by the newly-developed Rolls-Royce Nene engine. Tentatively dubbed the Jet Spiteful, its speed and performance are still a secret, but it is probable that the machine will be capable of 500 m.p.h. The new Nene engine, the latest jet motor, which possesses unprecedented thrust and power, is built into the fuselage behind the pilot's seat, which is in the nose. The laminar flow wing is similar to that of the Spiteful, but the span is slightly greater. A "permanent" fuel capacity of 310 gallons is provided, and a drop tank will hold a further 270 gallons. There is a standard fighter armament of four 20-mm. cannons

Aviation News

THE NENE PUTS BRITAIN AHEAD in JET PROPULSION



BRITAIN'S FIRST AIR TRANSPORT TO FLY WITH JET ENGINES: A Lancastrian powered with two Rolls-Royce Nene jet-propulsion engines and two Merlin outboard motors taking-off on a test flight. The object of these tests with combined piston and jet engines has been to assess the efficiency of the new form of power plant when installed in heavy aircraft. On the results of this research will depend in large measure Britain's policy in commercial flying. In converting the Lancastrian for this task Rolls-Royce have had to fit two sets of instruments

British designers realised in the early years of the war that the piston aero engine had almost reached the limit of its power, and they have lost no time in developing the gas turbine. In the van of all this research and experimentation is the Rolls-Royce concern, and it is safe to say that their latest engine, the Nene, has no equal for thrust and power in comparison with its size. The Nene has come into the news this month in connection with the new Vickers Supermarine jet fighter 10/44, and also with the Lancastrian transport, which has two piston engines inboard and two Nene engines outboard. When the Lancastrian has been put through a series of elaborate tests it will be possible to make a decision as to how best heavy and medium transport planes may be powered for the future. The Nene engine develops the equivalent of 15,000 horse-power at 600 m.p.h. and, despite this astonishing performance it weighs only 1,600 lbs. The maximum diameter of the engine is just over 4 ft. and the overall length 5 ft. 3·9 ins. The Nene has indeed made the piston aero engine a thing of the past, and it constitutes one of the most revolutionary developments in the history of aviation

BRITAIN'S LARGEST AND FASTEST MILITARY TRANSPORT—THE ALL-METAL MONOPLANE "HASTINGS," WHICH HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR SERVICE WITH THE R.A.F. AND IS EQUIPPED TO CARRY TROOPS, GUNS OR JEEPS: A head-on view of the all-purpose machine with its four Bristol Hercules engines. The civilian version, known as the "Hermes," will make a luxurious air-liner

The *Hastings*, which was officially named last week at Radlett Aerodrome by the Mayor of Hastings, is probably the most versatile aircraft that has ever entered the service of the Royal Air Force, and in its capacious fuselage room can be found for 25-pounder guns and 15-cwt. trucks. The *Hastings* has a maximum speed of 355 m.p.h. at 22,700 ft. and a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. at the same height. It is at present powered by four Bristol Hercules engines of 1,675 h.p. each, but later models, it is understood, are to have jet propulsion units. There will also be a civilian version of the *Hastings*, known as the *Hermes*, and this will carry between thirty-four and fifty passengers, operating with pressurised equipment

MOUNTAINEERING BY PLANE

On right—A soaring research expedition which took place recently in the Swiss Alps has aroused interest both among glider enthusiasts and mountaineers. It appears that during July four Swiss sailplanes and their pilots were based on Zermatt, and that in the course of twenty-three flights they did 42½ hours of most unusual flying. The sailplanes were catapulted daily from a smooth shoulder of the Riffelberg, 8,600 ft. above sea-level, and had available as landing-place a meadow 3,300 ft. lower beside the village of Zermatt. This difference in altitude provided about 20 minutes of flying time in which to search the valley for up-currents which, if found, might provide altitude for extended tours at 15,000 ft. or so among the surrounding snowclad peaks. An unofficially declared goal was to soar to the summit of the Matterhorn. The first two days provided little more than protracted descents. On the third day Herr Alwin Kuhn climbed to 13,000 ft. in the sailplane *Mosweg III*, and, after exploring various ridges, reached the south face of the Matterhorn. He was unable to climb this, but flew completely round the mountain before returning to Zermatt. Similar flights of increasing scope followed during the remaining days. Kuhn crossed the Dom, Switzerland's second highest mountain, and encircled the Matterhorn a second time, but was again unable to reach its elusive summit. Usually the best up-currents were found close to the mountain-sides. When these are steep an almost imperceptible wind may have sufficient vertical component to support a sailplane. Thermal effects, however, tended to outweigh those of the wind, and after mid-day the most profitable technique appeared to be to fly irrespective of wind direction to whichever slope was the most sunlit

FLIGHT TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE : Members of the crew on one of the flying-boats which took part in the Summer Reconnaissance Expedition to the Arctic organised by the U.S. and Canadian Governments. The expedition had as its object the securing of navigational and meteorological data

HUGGING THE SUNLIT SLOPE OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN PEAK : A glider in action during the recent remarkable expedition in the Alps, when sailplanes and their pilots explored the hills and valleys and attempted to soar to the summit of the Matterhorn. Usually the best up-currents were found close to the mountain-sides, and whichever slope received the most sunshine usually proved most profitable for the pilot. The expedition was based on Zermatt, and has provided much useful information for gliding men—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

WHEN THE BERGS DRIFT SOUTH—A GIANT FLAT-TOPPED ICEBERG PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE SUMMER RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC ORGANISED BY THE UNITED STATES AND CANADIAN GOVERNMENTS : The picture was taken off the North-West coast of Greenland, where the berg had only lately calved from its parent glacier. A vast proportion of its bulk is, of course, beneath the water

The Summer Reconnaissance Expedition to the Arctic, mention of which was made in THE SPHERE of September 7, secured much valuable meteorological and navigational data and also many remarkable pictures from the Far North. The planes operated from Thule, in Greenland, and they covered about 1,400 miles on each flight, often penetrating far within the Arctic Circle and to within a few degrees of the North Pole. They concentrated particularly on the region of Peary Land. In addition to their many other duties, the observers also reported on the movement of the icebergs, which at this season of the year drift south across the shipping routes of the North Atlantic, and they were thus able to be of material assistance to the highly important North Atlantic Ice Patrol, which was re-established this year at the instigation of President Truman

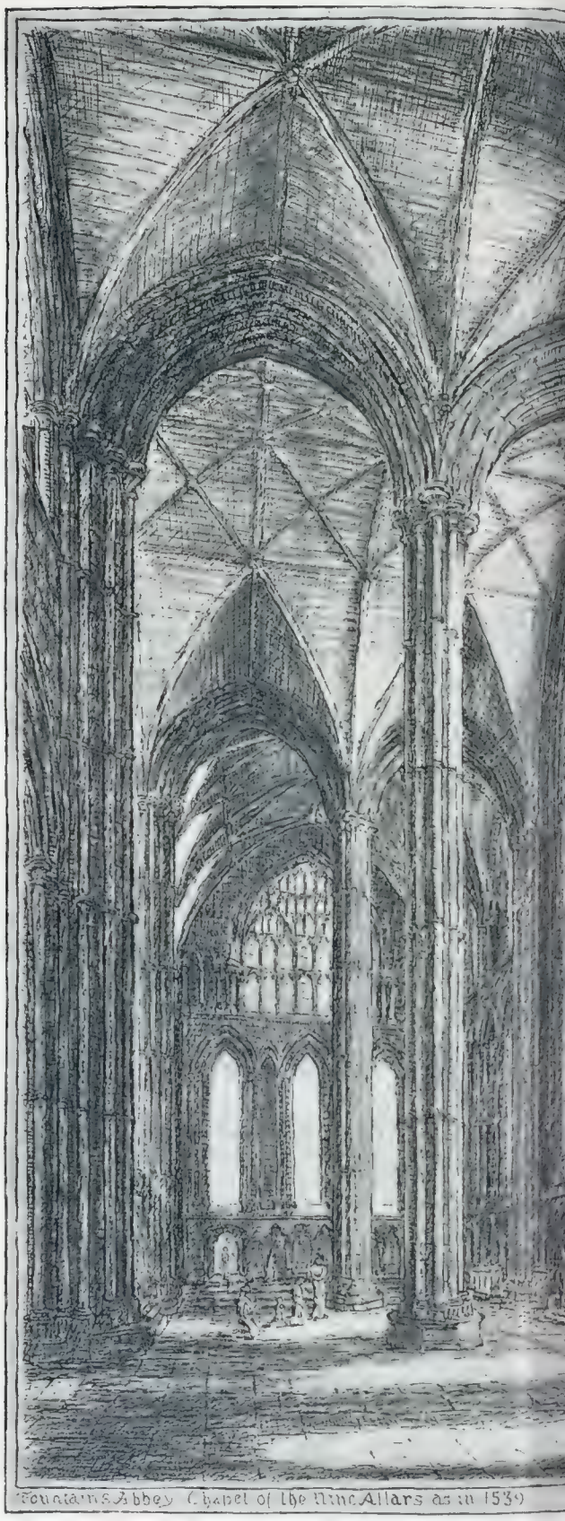
WROUGHT BY MONK BUILDERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: The modern church at Buckfast, South Devon, which since 1907 has been rebuilt by the Benedictine monks with their own hands. It is now possible that the monks of Buckfast will play a prominent part in the restoration of Fountains Abbey, the celebrated monastic ruin in Yorkshire which has been purchased by a group of prominent Roman Catholics who intend to restore part of the fabric for use as a Benedictine monastery and as a memorial to Roman Catholics killed in the war

FOUNTAINS ABBEY: MONASTIC RUIN OR REBUILT MONASTERY?

No sooner had the Duke of Norfolk and his associates proclaimed their plan to restore Fountains Abbey for use as a monastery than praise and criticism poured in from every quarter, Roman Catholics, Protestants, architects and professional writers to the Press joining in what has quickly become a first-class controversy over one of the major antiquities of the country. The Duke of Norfolk, in answering those with "a positive preference for sentimental decay," points out that in the Middle Ages cathedrals and abbeys were continually being restored or enlarged, and that it was constantly found possible to make additions which harmonised with what was already in existence. If the plan goes through, Fountains Abbey may be rebuilt by the monks of Buckfast, in Devon, and it is hoped that the monastery will become a meeting-place for Roman Catholics from all parts of the world.

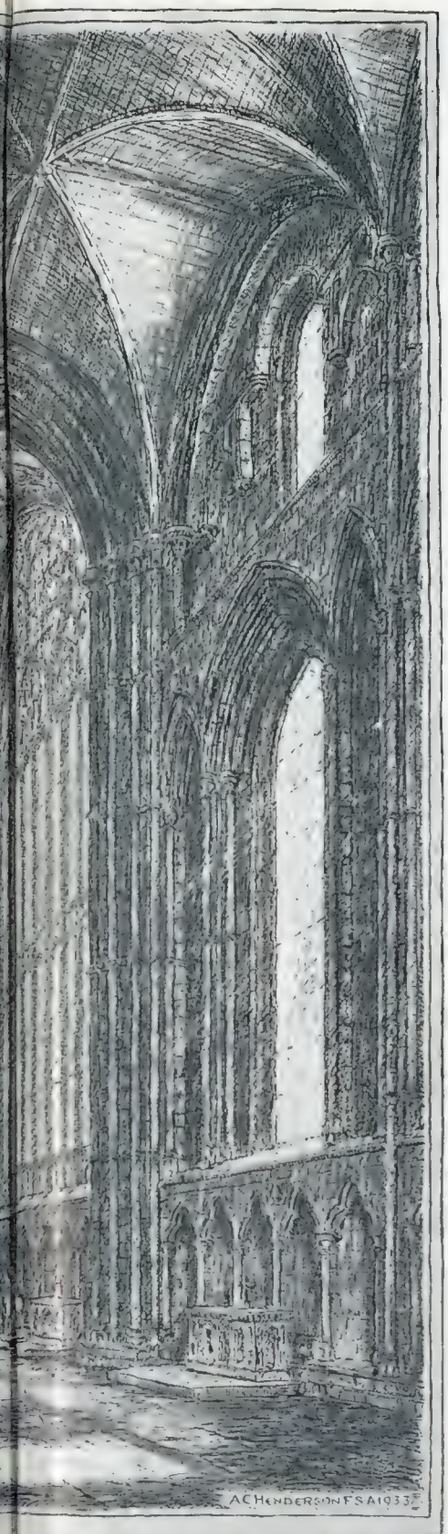
Below—

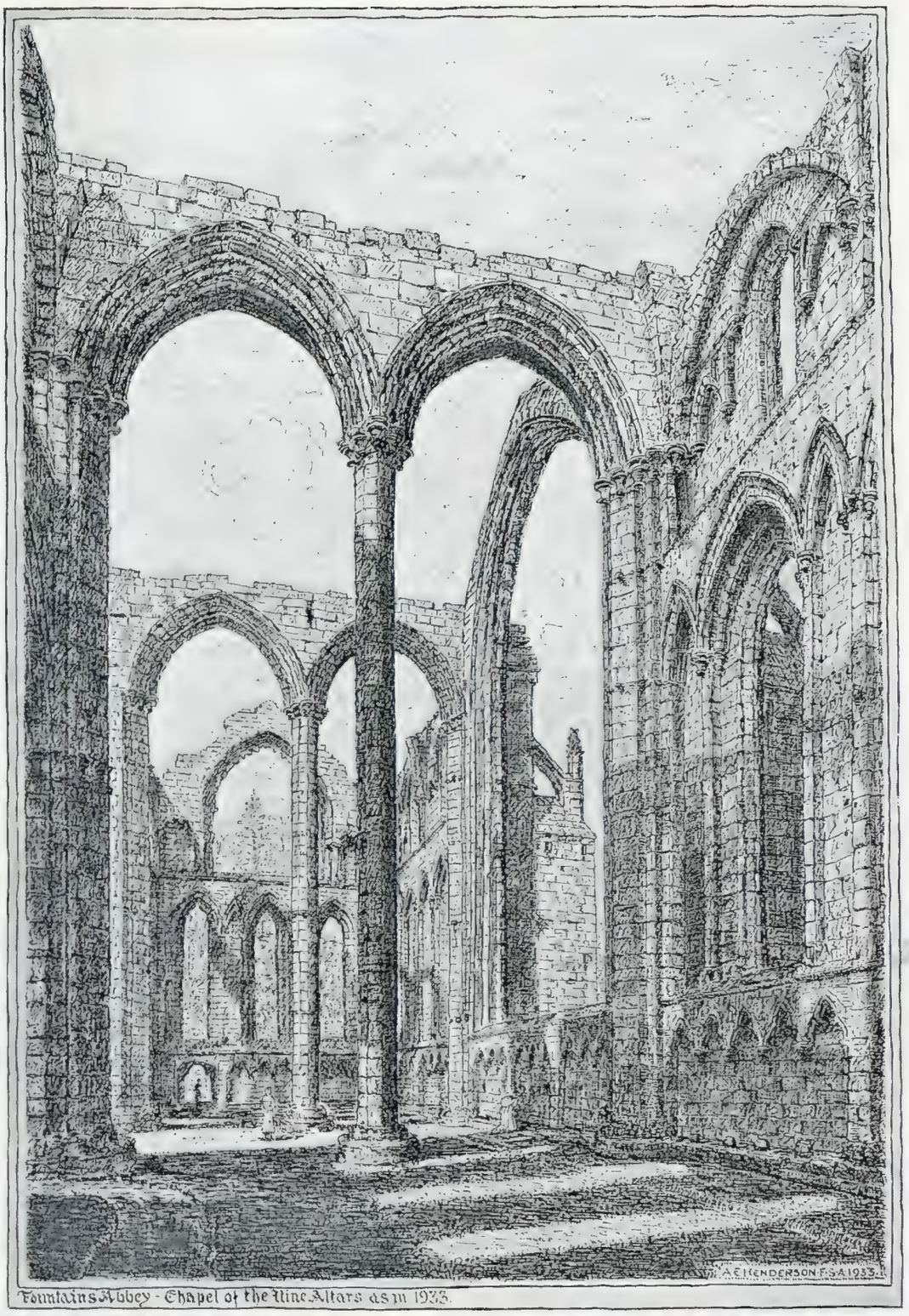
A MODERN MASTERPIECE IN THE TRANSITIONAL STYLE: Another view of the church and monastery buildings of Buckfast Abbey, Devon



FOUNTAINS ABBEY IN THE DAYS OF ITS GLORY, AND AS IT IS: A. E. Henderson, showing (*left*) the Chapel of the Nine A columns bare to the sky. The plan to restore the fabri is one that has captured the public imagination, but it a most improper subject for experiment of this kind. with the best possible advice and direction. "Fountains

THE PROPOSED BROWNING CHAPEL FOR ST. MARYLEBONE CHURCH: This is the design by Mr. Michael Tapper, F.S.A., for the memorial to Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who were married at the church on September 12, 1846. The scheme has met with a measure of opposition, particularly from those who say that the Brownings' connection with the church was slight





THE PRESENT CENTURY AS ONE OF THE MOST SUPERB MONASTIC RUINS IN BRITAIN: Two drawings by in 1539, with its great columns sweeping majestically to the vaulted roof, and (*right*) those same Fountains for use as a Benedictine monastery and as a memorial to Roman Catholics killed in the war also led to considerable public criticism, some writers to the Press urging that the ancient Abbey is this the Duke of Norfolk has replied with spirit, declaring that if the work is attempted it will be unique in architecture," he states, "in the extent to which it has survived the centuries of disuse"

BLESSING THE SEA AT BUDE: The procession along the breakwater before the traditional ceremony conducted on the site of the Chapel Rock by the vicar, the Rev. Walter Prest. Chapel Rock lies at the end of the breakwater, and the congregation gathered in a sheltered nook to hear the service read to the accompaniment of the roar of the sea. Bude lies on the rugged coast of North Cornwall and has been called the "Seaboard Parish"

***On right*— COMMEMORATING 150 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN EFFORT: The procession on its way to Brunswick Wharf, Poplar, during the recent celebration of the 150th anniversary of the departure for Tahiti of the three-masted vessel "Duff." The "Duff" carried on board the first missionaries sent out to the Pacific by the London Missionary Society**

A NEW SOCIAL PROBLEM— THE SQUATTERS

A Communist-Inspired Movement for the Houseless

On September 8, 1,000 of London's houseless walked into the Duchess of Bedford Mansions, a block of luxury flats in Kensington, and in a matter of minutes they had taken over the building. So began a new and disturbing phase in London's squatting movement, and the Cabinet, which had looked on with fair equanimity at the invasion of military camps, was forced to take notice of this more dramatic breach of the law. When it became known that the whole squatting movement was being organised from Communist Party Headquarters, and that it was being done on a most elaborate scale, constituting a political and social menace, emergency meetings took place in Whitehall and plans were made to bring these invasions to an end. Meanwhile, writs were issued to bring about the clearing of families which had already taken possession of flats illegally

THE SQUATTERS ARRIVE: Looking round the garden of Moray Lodge, pre-war home of Lord Ilchester, after they had installed themselves in the spacious rooms of this Kensington mansion. It was in Kensington that the invasion in the London area first took place on a large scale, the squatters being organised by the Communists

UNLOADING FURNITURE AT DUCHESS OF BEDFORD MANSIONS: Squatters bringing in their belongings after first staking their claim to living-space during the big invasion of the luxury flats organised by militant members of the Communist Party. The majority arrived by Underground

TWO FOCAL POINTS OF THE GREAT INVASION: *Left*—Squatters looking from the windows at Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park Road, and (*right*) would-be tenants outside the entrance to Fountain Court, Buckingham Palace Road, near Victoria Station. Having taken possession they can only be evicted by Court order, and it was this knowledge that confronted the Cabinet with a difficult task when they had to combat this wholesale invasion of property. On Wednesday of last week writs were issued against the squatters in Fountain Court, and the Government declared that the action of the squatters was a violation of civil and criminal law. At Abbey Lodge sympathisers with the squatters lay down in the road as a protest against police action in preventing supplies reaching the squatters

THE SIEGE OF THE IVANHOE HOTEL: Squatters peering through a broken glass door of the 630-room Bloomsbury hotel, where they barricaded themselves in and began a campaign of defiance. The police surrounded the hotel and refused to allow sympathisers to hand food to the besieged families. The squatters responded by lowering dozens of baskets on strings

ON THE EALING FRONT: These squatters arrived by car and brought their household belongings with them. The picture was taken at No. 1, Kent Gardens, Ealing, one of a number of properties out in the western suburbs which were invaded by the homeless

BRINGING IN BEDDING AT FOUNTAIN COURT: Squatters arriving with their belongings. It was at this block of flats that they first began to weaken on hearing that writs were being issued

THE GOVERNMENT STATEMENT ON SQUATTING

This was the statement issued by the Cabinet after the invasion of London's luxury flats: "The Government take a very serious view of the forcible seizure and occupation by unauthorised persons of private premises in London, especially those required for housing or other public purposes. The action has been instigated and organised by the Communist Party, and must result in hindering, rather than in helping, the arrangements made for the orderly rehousing of those in need of accommodation. His Majesty's Government are advised that both the civil and the criminal law have been violated"

ONE OF THE RING-LEADERS OF THE SQUATTING MOVEMENT: Mr. Stan Henderson, Secretary of the Kensington Squatters Organisation, holding an open-air committee meeting in Kensington before leading some of the squatters to Kensington Town Hall to request that cooking and heating arrangements be laid on at Duchess of Bedford Mansions. Earlier on he told the squatters that they would be asked to pay a flat rent of 10s. and that this would be banked

SQUATTERS DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM OF FUEL: A lorry-load of wood for cooking purposes being dumped at the communal kitchen in the grounds of Duchess of Bedford Mansions. A deputation of Kensington squatters visited Kensington Town Hall in the hope of obtaining light, gas and water, but they came away disappointed. On the fourth day of the invasion the Duchess of Bedford Mansions were surrounded and the police refused to allow anyone to re-enter

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH WOULD NOT SEE THEM: Mr. Phil Piratin (right), Communist M.P. for Stepney, and some of his colleagues, who have played a large part in organising the squatting movement, leaving the Ministry of Health after attempting to see Mr. Bevan

THE ABOYNE GAMES WERE THE WETTEST FOR SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS: Highland dancing contests in progress at this celebrated gathering which was sadly marred by the weather conditions. Throughout the day torrential showers of rain swept down from the mist-enshrouded hills

Home News

ROYALTY AT BRAEMAR GAMES

A Gathering of the Cornish Gorsedd

THE MASSED BANDS AT BRAEMAR: The pipers in action in front of the royal pavilion at this famous Highland gathering which, like that at Aboyne, was sadly marred by the weather

Last week in Scotland all roads led to Braemar and Aboyne. When the Royal Family arrived at Braemar their car circled the arena in a downpour of rain, ploughing through pools of undrained water, and in the parking-places many cars were bogged down. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the games, however; while the massed pipers, parading 100 strong, evoked roars of enthusiasm in their progress. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth presented the shields to the winners in the pipe band contests

ROYALTY AT THE GAMES: The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in the pavilion at Braemar Highland Gathering. With them is Lord Aberdeen and Temair, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire

PUTTING THE WEIGHT: One of the contests in progress at Braemar Highland Gathering which, despite the rain, was watched by a great concourse of 20,000 spectators. The cars on the slopes above the arena provided a grandstand and at the same time a refuge from the elements

HEADED BY THE CLAN MACKENZIE: The march-past of the massed pipers was one of the big events of the day at Braemar Gathering. More than one hundred pipers paraded, and in the subsequent contests the senior trophy went to Forfar Borough Pipe Band. After the march-past they played in front of the royal pavilion

THE MEETING OF THE CORNISH BARDS—THE FIRST OUTDOOR GORSEDD SINCE THE START OF THE WAR: The sounding of the Corn Gwlas to the four points of the compass, a symbolic call to all Cornwall, during the ceremony at Perran Round, near Truro. The Cornish Gorsedd was inaugurated in 1928 by the Archdruid of Wales, who set it up in order to encourage the National Celtic spirit of the Duchy and also the study of the almost-forgotten Cornish language. On the right is the Sword of Arthur being held aloft, and right-centre is the present Archdruid of Wales, the Rev. C. Williams. The Grand Bard of Cornwall, Mr. Morton Nance, is standing just behind the microphone. Perran Round, the scene of the gathering, is an ancient amphitheatre 130 ft. in diameter and ideally suited for such an assembly. The link between Wales and Cornwall has always been strong, despite the barrier of the Severn, both peoples belonging to the true Celtic stock and embracing Celtic tradition

THE GORSEDD AT PERRAN ROUND: *Left*—Mrs. Pollard playing the harp, and, beside her, soloist Mr. Tom Robbins and the choral section at the meeting of the Cornish bards. *Right*—Members of the Welsh contingent to the Gorsedd arriving at Perran Round, near Truro. Two of the women delegates are seen wearing Welsh national costume with tall hats and flowing cloaks. Although the Cornish Gorsedd is independent it is closely allied to those of Wales and Brittany

CUMBERLAND and the LAKES

The Plan to Raise the Level of Ennerdale; Brothers Water Becomes National Property

The proposal to raise by 10 ft. the level of Ennerdale throws into relief the controversy between those who would preserve the rural amenities of the Lake District and those who would develop the West Cumberland area, which is so sadly in need of new industries. Many people who live in the area hold that employment and social benefit should be paramount, and that Whitehaven's need for more water should be met at all costs. The Friends of the Lake District, however, have been opposing the Ennerdale measure vigorously, regarding it very much as a test case, and they have prepared a memorandum suggesting that the water could be obtained from neighbouring fells. Cumberland County Council has been considering the whole question of county supplies and has urged that before water is taken for distant consumption the needs of local consumers should be considered. It is now possible that the Ministry of Health will hold a public inquiry into this many-sided question.

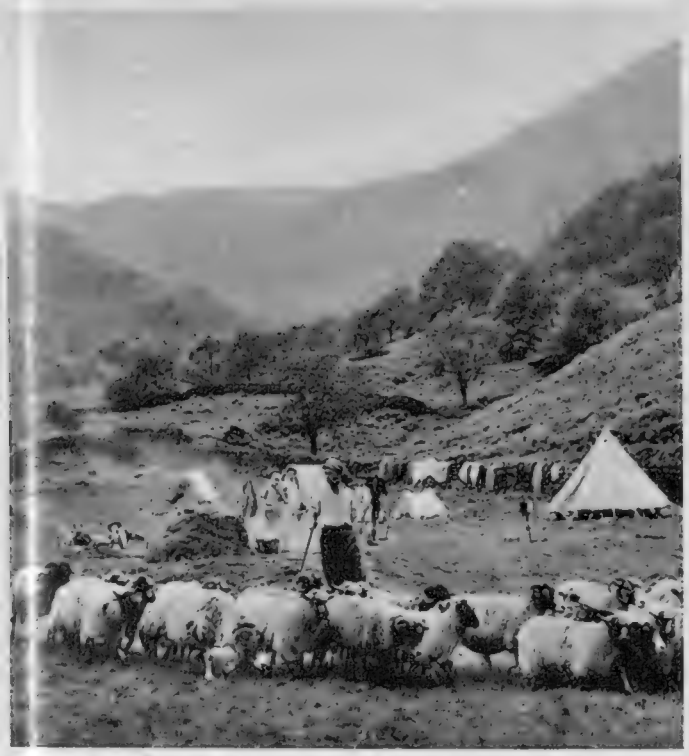
BY THE SPARKLING WATERS OF ENNERDALE: Children on the shores of the Cumberland lake which is the subject of a heated controversy following the proposal that its level should be raised by 10 ft. to provide water for industrial purposes

THE APPROACH TO ENNERDALE WATER: If the proposal to raise the level of the lake is carried through, much of the beautiful, surrounding countryside will be submerged. An organisation known as the Friends of the Lake District has been opposing the measure with vigour, and they have indicated that the required water for industrial purposes could be obtained from neighbouring fells. Ennerdale Water is 2½ miles long, half a mile wide, and 148 ft. deep

THREATENED WITH SUBMERSION: The Angler's Inn at Ennerdale, favourite haunt of holiday-makers, would have to be demolished if the level of the lake was raised. In the background is a delightful vista of mountain and pasture typical of the wild and beautiful fell country

THE OLD FELL FARM OF HARTSOP HALL: The picturesque brick house stands on the Brothers Water Estate, Westmorland, which has been taken over by the nation in part payment of the death duties on the estate of the late Lord Lonsdale

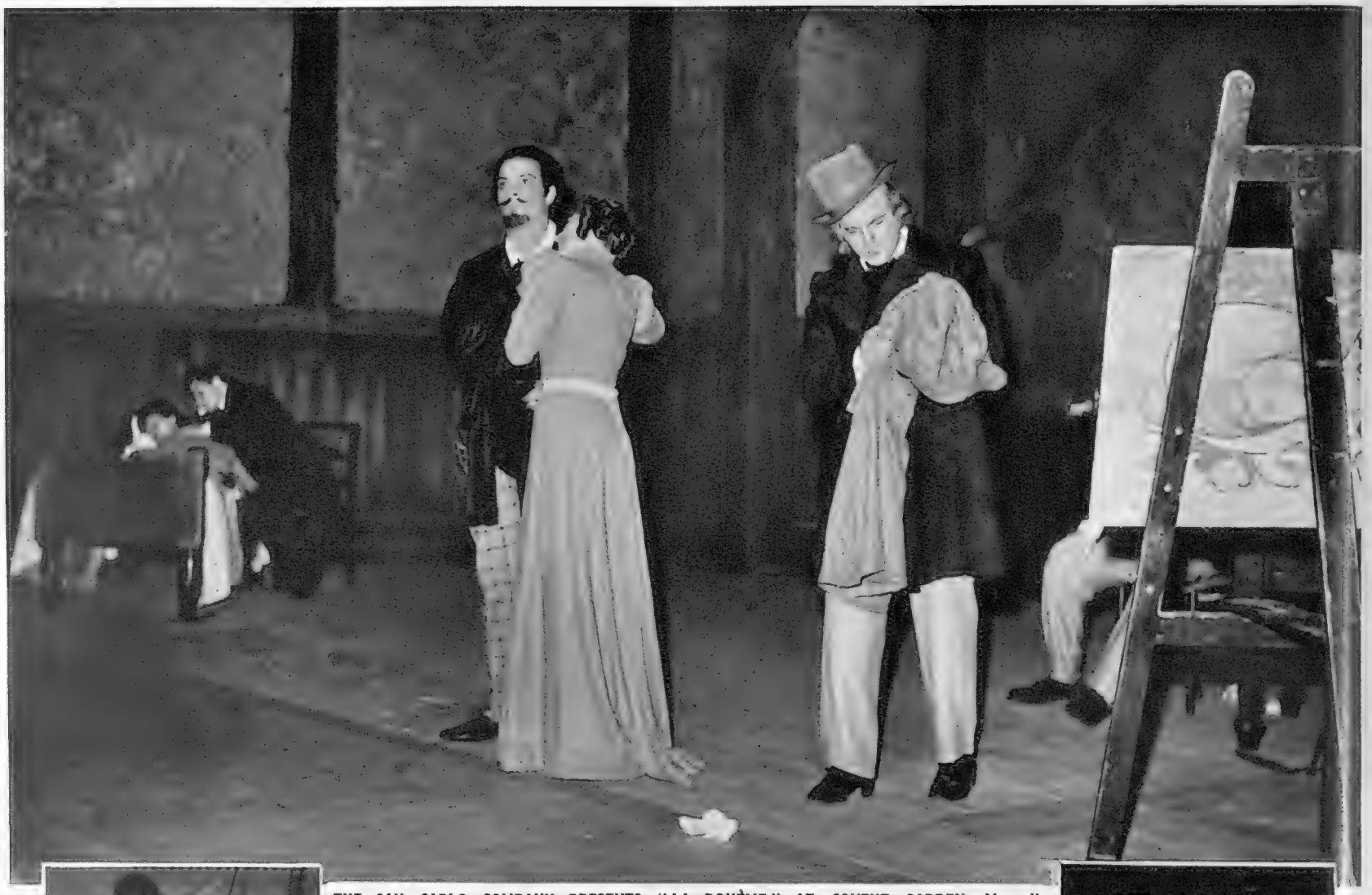
BROTHERS WATER SHIMMERS BENEATH THE FROWNING HEIGHTS OF THE KIRKSTONE PASS: Part of the wild and lovely region of Westmorland which has just come into the possession of the nation. The arrangements for selling this estate by auction had already been made when the news was announced by the Treasury that this beauty spot had been saved for all time. The estate covers a 1,800-acre mountain sheep-farm near Patterdale, together with Brothers Water. Hartsop Hall, the only house on the property, is a traditional Fell farmhouse. Brothers Water is said to derive its name from the grim story of two brothers who were drowned there. The Kirkstone Pass reaches a height of 1,500 ft.



DEEP IN THE HEART OF LAKELAND: A flock of black-faced mountain sheep grazing by a scout camp on Brothers Water Estate

ENGLAND'S DEEPEST LAKE: Wast Water, a favourite resort of holiday-makers among the Cumberland fells. Its maximum depth is 258 ft., and it is situated amid wild and imposing scenery

A TRINITY OF PEAKS DOMINATE THE HEAD OF GLORIOUS WAST WATER: On the left is Kirk Fell (2,631 ft.); in the centre is Great Gable (2,949 ft.), and on the right are the lower slopes of Great End, immediate neighbour of Scafell Pike. These peaks, so beloved of climbers and not seldom the scene of climbing tragedies, are among the highest in England, while Wast Water is England's deepest lake. Scafell is already national property, and year by year lovers of Lakeland notice with increasing satisfaction how great new areas are being preserved for all time, despite the constantly recurring threat of industrialism



THE SAN CARLO COMPANY PRESENTS "LA BOHÈME" AT COVENT GARDEN: Marcello (Paolo Silveri), Musetta (Maria Huder), and Colline (Alfredo Colella) stand by as Rodolfo (Lugi Infantino) watches over the dying Mimi (Onelia Fineschi). One of the closing moments in "La Bohème" presented by the Italian company at the Royal Opera House. The conductor was Signor Franco Capuana (*inset on left*), who led the Covent Garden Orchestra with consummate ability, imposing upon them the individual style of his native Italy

ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

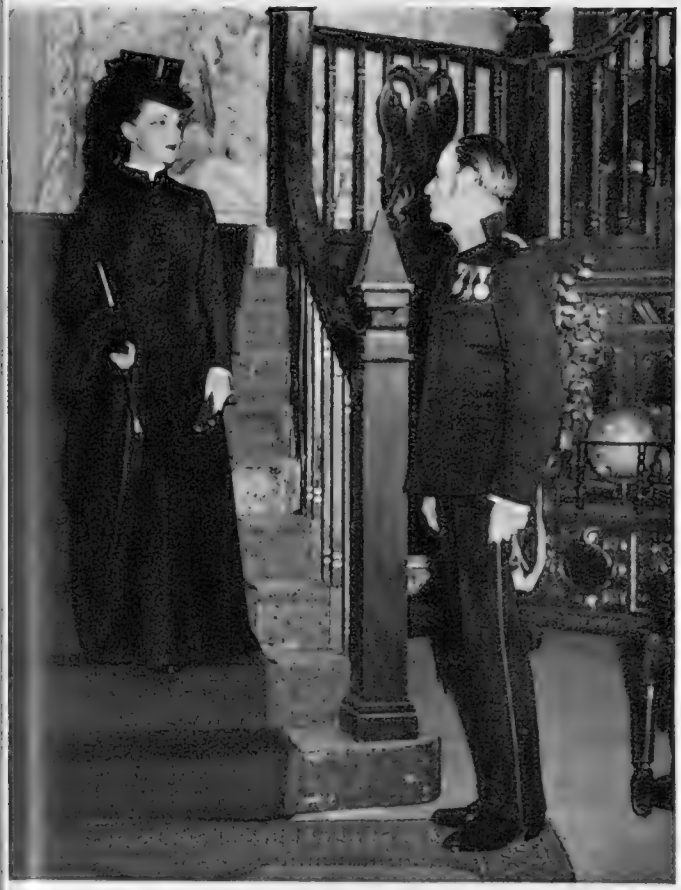
The San Carlo Company Present "La Bohème" and "La Traviata"

Considering the vast difficulties of post-war reconstruction, the London theatre has had a notable summer season, and it is made additionally memorable by the visit of the San Carlo Opera Company. The production of *La Bohème* under the conductorship of Signor Capuana delighted the audience with its generous tone and lavish singing, while on the opening night *La Traviata* proved a good choice for introducing singers who have not been heard before in London.

The singing of Maria Huder as Musetta in *La Bohème* attracted particular attention, as she expressed a rare feeling for drama in terms of vocal quality, while Margherita Carosio's Violetta in *La Traviata* revealed a voice of the most varied colour. The San Carlo Company, taking its name from the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, owes its reorganisation to the British and American armies of occupation, which set opera on its feet again in the early days of Italian liberation

WHEN VIOLETTA MEETS ALFREDO: Margherita Carosio (left) and Gustavo Gallo (right) in the San Carlo Opera Company's production of "La Traviata" at Covent Garden. In this opera Londoners had the opportunity of hearing singers who were new to them, and nothing of the quality of Mme. Carosio's Violetta has been heard here for a long time. Carlo Tagliabue also gave a most authoritative interpretation as Germont père, while Gustavo Gallo, if less exceptional, is a tenor of capability. The Company followed this performance up with an equally popular presentation of "Rigoletto", with Signor Tagliabue in the title part

EILEEN HERLIE'S PERSONAL TRIUMPH



THE QUEEN AND THE FAVOURED PEASANT: Eileen Herlie and James Donald in "The Eagle Has Two Heads," the play adapted from the French of Jean Cocteau, which has given Miss Herlie, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, the opportunity for a great dramatic triumph. She appears as the mythical queen in an imaginary castle, and four-fifths of the opening act is a soliloquy, first with the ghost of her assassinated husband, and afterwards with the silent peasant poet who bursts into her room with the intention of killing her. Miss Herlie has magnificent poise and an extraordinary range of expression—from bitter sophistication to tragic emotion, and again to the softest compassion. In the first act she has one speech of 21 minutes, and at the close of the opening performance her powerful acting won a long ovation

THE QUEEN WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH DEATH: Eileen Herlie in the first act of "The Eagle Has Two Heads." Her performance, with its striking outbursts of passion, was acclaimed for its power and brilliance. Miss Herlie, who is aged twenty-seven, has been on the stage four years. She comes from Glasgow and was at one time a shorthand typist

MARGHERITA CAROSIO AS VIOLETTA: The star of "La Traviata" at Covent Garden. Madame Carosio has a voice of rare quality, and in her singing charm of characterisation and dramatic expression are wholly absorbed into music

EILEEN HERLIE AT HOME: The newly-arisen star of the London theatre resting after playing her highly exacting part in "The Eagle Has Two Heads." Miss Herlie's rise to stardom has been sudden, but for a long while past her brilliant work at the Lyric has been noticed by discriminating playgoers. This highly romantic drama, in some way reminiscent of the style of Victor Hugo, is very much a one-player piece, and it gave her her opportunity

TO SWITZERLAND WITH £75

A Land of Plenty Within 2¼ Hours of Austere England

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is uncanny to realise that—Hitler permitting—one could have flown to Switzerland in 2¼ hours at any moment during the war. To people, like myself, who have visited the U.S. since VJ Day, the incredible difference between the English and Swiss mode of life is not quite so breath-taking as it would otherwise have been. And yet it makes one gasp to leave Croydon at luncheon time and arrive in Geneva to see before tea-time a completely pre-war way of life. Silk stockings, steaks, side-cars (I mean cocktails), shoes, clothes, everything. To the Englishman with only £75 to spend on his entire holiday, it is tantalising beyond words. What to buy? What to eat? What to drink? What to do?

The first thing one notices after seven years' absence is that English is the smart language of Switzerland. Before the war one tried to talk French. To-day everyone—whether Swiss or not—tries to talk English, insists on it, indeed. The next thing one observes is that Swiss women and girls have improved tremendously in looks, clothes and general turn-out. When I was last in Switzerland I counted two pretty girls in the course of a month. This time I've already counted dozens in a week. In every way Switzerland has become less parochial. In 1939 every hotel, restaurant and night club closed at midnight. To-day they remain open until 5 a.m. at Geneva and until 2 a.m. in many other cities. Only Zurich remains strictly austere in this particular respect. . . .

The regard in which the English are held is really sincere. My hotel proprietor in Geneva managed to get no fewer than fifty English and American pilots across the border. The fifty-first—a Texan—talked out of turn and he was very nearly put in gaol. He escaped with a fine of £30 or so. Nor did that prevent him from continuing his good offices in this respect. Ex-prisoners of war will be the first to give credit to the International Red Cross for having made it possible for English and American parcels to reach the various stalags in Germany and Italy. It was the members of this organisation who, time and again, managed to secure improvements in the general conditions of the various prison camps.

Switzerland to-day is a land where the lifts work, where you are called at the exact moment ordered by you in your hotel the night before (believe it or not), where you can buy everything under the sun except Bacardi rum. Nylon stockings cost 9s. and everything else is in proportion. Officially the country is rationed for various kinds of food. Officially, too, you cannot have meat on Wednesdays and Fridays—but!

There are occasional shocks, of course. The official rate of the English pound—apart from travellers' cheques, which are changed artificially at seventeen to the pound—is ten Swiss francs to the pound. Many people therefore take advantage of their few remaining Swiss francs to buy pounds and then bring them back to England—forgetting to declare them. Even more remarkable is the fact that visitors arriving in Switzerland from France discover that 100 French francs are worth exactly one Swiss franc and ten centimes. What the professional black marketeers do, therefore, is to exchange Swiss francs for French francs at this rate and then return with the French francs, which are artificially but officially exchanged back into pounds in England at 480. I am no mathematician, but I believe that it works out at something like three times the correct exchange.

One meets all types in Switzerland, of course. You find yourself next to the Aga Khan in a railway train, next to Chanel in an aeroplane, and possibly playing against King Leopold on the golf course. Anyway, that all has happened to me. Actually, King Leopold travels and plays golf under the title of S.A.R. L. de Réthy: in other words, Son Altesse Royale Leopold, Prince de Réthy, the feminine version of which title he conferred on his very beautiful wife. On the whole, he is not troubled by undue attention, but I can imagine that it might be awkward if a Belgian who presented himself for a democratic handshake, afterwards proved to have been a collaborationist on the run. As a safeguard King Leopold has a private detective. . . .

One of the most amusing experiences I have had, apart from eating Fondu again, was to visit a restaurant in Zurich called Redox. The proprietor, Jacky Wolf, is also the chief violinist. He plays his own tunes, conducts his own band, rolls up his own carpet when the time comes to dance, and generally enjoys himself in a most infectious manner.

Switzerland is still full of cyclists, particularly Geneva, but there was a peculiar scene this week at the final of the world's marathon cyclist race. The Belgian champion was winning by over 100 yards when a spectator rushed into the roadway and threw him off his bike. The Swiss cyclist, coming second, won in "a tempest of cheers," to give the local newspaper's report. Altogether, the Swiss have become less reminiscent of Calvin or John Knox than before. When the International Horse Show took place in Geneva the other day, a local correspondent of one of the most sedate newspapers said, in print, that it made him laugh a lot to see the "itinerant fraternisation" between English Army officers and German fräuleins whom they had imported across the frontier. In fact, the English officers had brought one German groom. All the other women were English, wives of the competitors. You could never have read anything like that in Switzerland before the war.

The Neon lighting is also much more gay than ever before. The cathedral at Lucerne is floodlit every night. Zurich and Berne have come out in a rash of new night clubs. In Geneva, too, I had a lot to learn. . . .

The weather, on the whole, has been very kind even at 4,500 ft. at Crans-sur-Sierre, the Swiss championship golf course. As I write in Lucerne, *not* famous for its fine weather, it is a lovely hot day. But as one sits on the terrace of the hotel, watching the crowds go by, one looks at the fat Frenchmen, the portly Czechs, the prosperous Italians, and is filled with a consuming desire to ask, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" No doubt some of them were in the Resistance Movement. Only last night I met a Dutchman who claimed that he was the head of his country's Resistance. But many of them had a very much easier time than we did in England, and memory is so short that nobody cares much now and they will care not at all within a couple of years. Already the black list of Swiss firms has been removed.

Food? You can eat and order anything. Clothes? I'm buying golf shoes, shirts, woollies and socks for myself, with silk stockings, a plastic raincoat and a length of the best crêpe de chine for my wife.

Drink? You see more Johnny Walker and White Horse in a Lucerne night club than a dozen hotels can produce in London.

Houses? They are building prefabricated houses which take four men to erect in three days—really charming little houses with three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, bath and two attic rooms for £500.

Wages? The average building operative gets 4s. an hour, but he works a full eight-hour day and the bricklayer really lays bricks. An employee of a watchmaker like Gübelin gets £15 a week, and his money is paid up even if he goes sick for weeks at a time.

Tips? The Swiss never expect a tip. If you give one, they are pleasantly surprised.

G.I.'s? There have been 250,000 of them in the past year and they committed only seventy major delinquencies, such as burglary, during all that period.

Watches? They are remarkably inexpensive by English standards, and many English visitors are stinting themselves on their hotel bills to have more of their precious £75 to spend on watches. Only one reputable Swiss firm is accepting English cheques payable to cash in England in return for their goods. I may say that it is *not* Gübelin.

General impressions? It is unbelievable that there should be, and will continue to be this winter, such plenty within 2¼ hours of austere England. No wonder that so many members of the Socialist Cabinet are finding urgent business interests in Switzerland.

This is a country of cyclists, alps, geraniums, respectability, good manners, admirable service, smoked spectacles, smoked salmon, smoked ham, admiration for the English, commiseration for other Continental countries, and satisfaction that it did not have to be liberated by the G.I.s, who are literally reminded of this during their "orientation" talks before entering the country from Germany.

SNOW IN AUGUST IN THE STREETS OF PONTRESINA: A snow-plough at work clearing away the heavy fall which took place in Switzerland so surprisingly at the end of last month. The snow came only a few hours after a spell of sunshine

STALKING THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN MENACE: A Swiss hunter in the Finges district, where he has been helping in the round-up of the animal or animals which have been causing losses to sheep flocks. It is now believed that a complete family of panthers is doing all the damage, and that they escaped into the Swiss mountains after an Allied air raid had damaged a Zoo in Northern Italy. The panthers are believed to have produced offspring on their way north into Switzerland

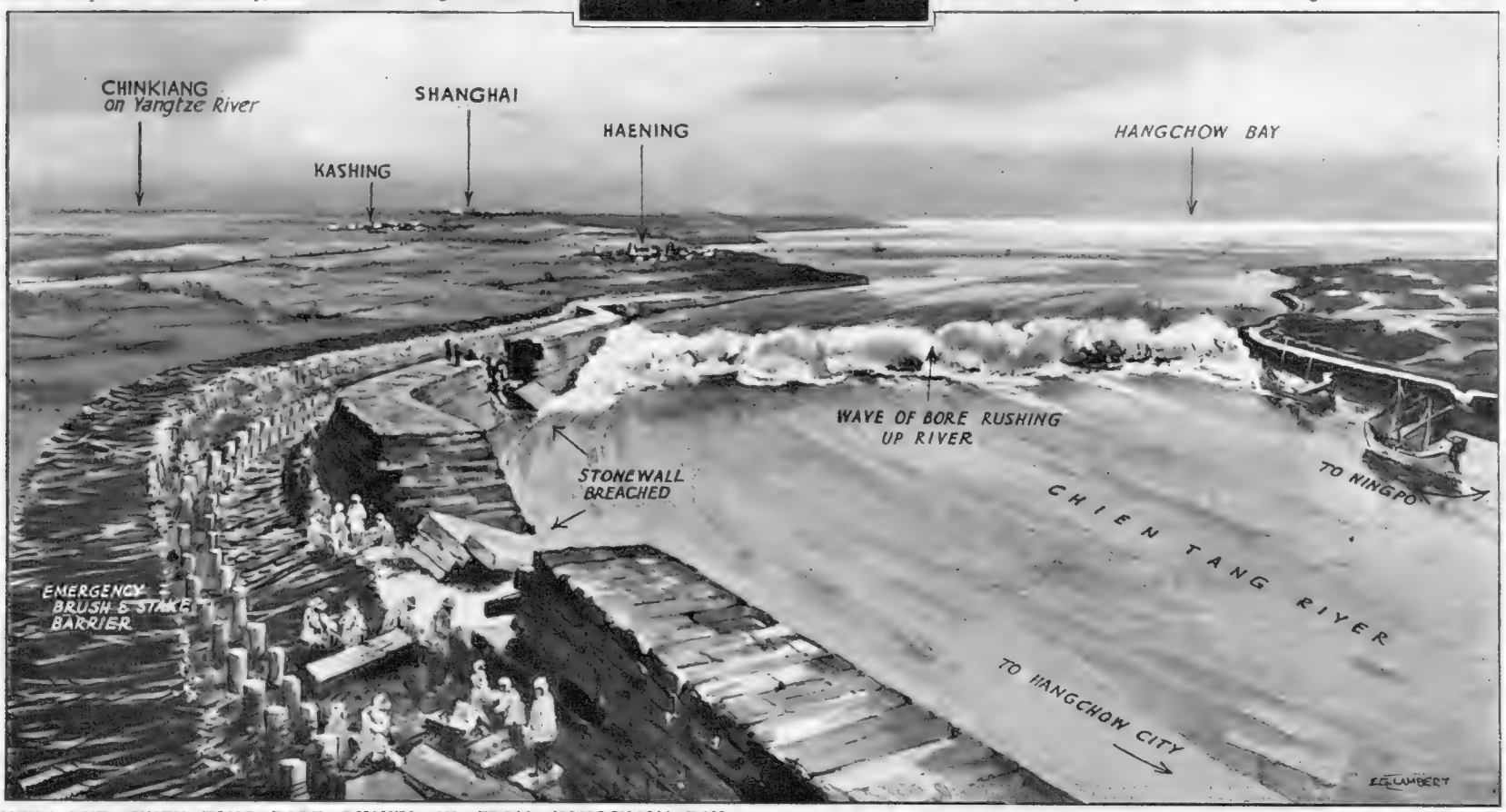
SWITZERLAND'S NEW MILITARY ROAD: A hairpin bend on the "Sustenstrasse," which runs across the country for a distance of 100 miles, linking Meiringen and Wassen and providing access to the Gotthard. The road was begun in 1938 and it is considered quite the finest Alpine road in Europe. Following his arrival for a holiday, Mr. Churchill was asked to drive over the "Sustenstrasse"

ARMED BANDS CLASH UPON GREECE'S NORTHERN BORDER: Greek guerilla troops and Macedonian separatists engaged in a night-time struggle in the mountainous region north of Salonika—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

UNREST IN THE BALKANS

A GREAT CHINESE TIDAL WAVE

The claims on Macedonia made at the Paris Conference by the Yugoslav delegation and the claims on Albania made by the Greeks typify the current confused state of affairs upon the northern frontiers of Greece. From Corfu, in the Ionian Sea, to Chalcidice, in the Aegean, clashes between armed bands are of all-too-frequent occurrence, and sometimes it is anybody's guess what the true nature of the conflict really is. Mr. Manuilsky, the Ukrainian Foreign Minister, has drawn the attention of the Security Council of the United Nations to the present divided loyalties in the Balkans, urging that they constitute a threat of war. Meanwhile, the Greek Cabinet has attempted, following the plebiscite, to secure a measure of control over the armed bands which destroy the peace of the countryside, and it has implemented new security measures in Macedonia, Thrace and Epirus. Last week it was reported that the vital Athens-Salonika road had been closed by saboteurs, this action being attributed to the disgruntled leaders of the Left following the 70 per cent. vote in favour of the monarchy, the idea being to undermine the Greek Government's authority in the troubled frontier regions of the far north



WHEN THE CHIEN TANG BORE RUSHES IN FROM HANGCHOW BAY—ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF MODERN CHINA, BUT A MENACE TO CROPS IN THE LOW-LYING LANDS OF THE ESTUARY: An artist's impression of the bore, a yearly tidal avalanche of water as it sweeps upstream. On the left are breaches in the wall made by previous visitations. Of recent months 3,500 coolies have been engaged in strengthening these defences

The Great Tide at Hangchow, sometimes known as the Haening Bore, occurs at this season of the year and is always awaited with deep concern by the people of Chekiang Province, as it constitutes an annual menace to their crops and their homes. To meet this year's bore an emergency brush-and-stake barrier has been erected by a force of 3,500 coolies recruited by U.N.R.R.A., and it is hoped that this will prevent the floodwaters from spreading far and wide across the countryside. One writer describing the Haening Bore has written: "On the eighteenth night of the second moon of the Chinese year, the greatest flood-tides from the Pacific surge into the funnel-mouth of Hangchow Bay to the bars and flats at the mouth of the swift-flowing Tsien-tang. The river current opposes for a while, until the angry sea rises up and rides on, in a great, white, roaring, bubbling wave, 10, 12, 15 and even 20 ft. in height. The Great Bore charges up the narrowing river at a speed of 10 and 13 miles an hour, with a roar that can be heard for an hour before it arrives"

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GOOD READING IN THE BUCHAN ANTHOLOGY

Lady Tweedsmuir Makes a Judicious Selection From the Varied Writings of Her Husband: Sir Max Beerbohm as Broadcaster

LADY TWEEDSMUIR has made a selection from the writings of her husband, whom we possibly know better as John Buchan, and in his preface to it Sir Gilbert Murray has written that "this anthology will be worth reading for its large historical range, the thoughtfulness of its judgment, and its resolute abstinence from showiness or paradox, as well as for the picture it leaves of one of the most gifted figures of this generation; story-teller, historian, administrator, statesman, indomitable imaginative worker."

But even more revealing to me of the man himself are the lines: "Life, after all, consists of dealing day by day with the real world, and Buchan had little interest in either impracticable saints who would not face the world or high-principled eccentric failures. One can see from this little collection how he loved 'normal' men, like Scott, 'moderates' like Montrose, men who knew how to handle a dangerous situation and bring good out of evil, like Julius and Augustus Cæsar."

Lady Tweedsmuir has divided the anthology into sections under such headings as "The Historian," "Landscapes," "Sport," and so on, and although this is a strict test of any writer's quality, Buchan comes through it on the whole well. THE CLEARING HOUSE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is, like all anthologies, a volume whose reading should be spread over days and weeks, and a book to keep by one for quiet and leisurely reading.

The incomparable Max, who excels at every form of art which he chooses, in his wisdom, to practise, has now made a collection of some broadcasts and essays from the past twenty years or so, and these I commend to your immediate attention, whether you appreciate most the elegance of his style, or whether, with as much reason, the wit and the delicious fun of his writing. MAINLY ON THE AIR (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a very special pleasure to the reader who has heard some or all of the six broadcasts which are printed here, and who can remember that small but exquisitely audible voice that gave such point to his words and that made a friendly mockery of one of his first radio pronouncements.

"I was born within sound of Bow Bells," said Sir Max Beerbohm in 1935, "I am, in fact, a genuine cockney (as you will already have guessed from my accent)."

But even to those who find the broadcasts here for the first time, as I do the essays, the book will be a delight; something to read with pleasure for years to come and, if one is not too diffident, to read aloud.

Less than a year ago, for instance, Sir Max broadcast on "Playgoing" and regretted the departure of the actor-manager. "They are gone," he wrote and said. "They have been replaced by theatrical syndicates. Are you thrilled when you see a syndicate sauntering down Piccadilly or driving down it in a *char-a-banc*?" And his pronunciation of that much-debased word had to be heard to be appreciated. "Is your pulse quickened by the thought of the awful financial risks taken by these brave fellows?"

Sir Max compares our arid, syndicated days with the times of the actor-manager, when people came to the theatre not so much to see a mere play as to see a play with their idol in it, and when, if a play seemed to them a failure, the pit and gallery booed the author for having betrayed their idol. "They were in no mood to stand any nonsense from an author," he adds reflectively.

"I remember the first night of a play written for Mr. Lewis Waller—a play in which he was an important Anglo-Indian soldier, in a white uniform and in command of a province. In the second act there came to him an evil native with a petition of a kind that Mr. Waller could not grant. The native produced a pistol and fired it at him. I was in the back row of the stalls, and was almost deafened by a young lady who, in the front row of the pit, screamed, 'How *dare* he?'"

One could, of course, quote endlessly, but I intend to control myself, and to allow you the pleasure of your own discoveries. "Oh, yes, I assure you I am very mellow," writes Sir Max at one point, but it is not for his mellowness, I would like to suggest, that he has ever been admired. Often for his satire, often for his sense of mischief, and always for the wit that makes him inimitable.

DRAKE'S OLD HOME TO BE AUCTIONED: Historic Buckland Abbey, a Cistercian foundation of 1278 and acquired in 1581 by the great sailor, is to be put up for sale. Drake returned to England in 1580 from his world voyage, his ship laden with gold, silver, silk and pearls, as a consequence of highly successful commerce-raiding. It was with this new-won wealth that he acquired Buckland, and when he died he left it to his brother Thomas, the companion of most of his voyages and adventures. *On left*—The main entrance to Buckland

MALAYAN LANDSCAPE (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is one of those books which combine travel experiences and autobiography in just the right measure to provide interest that is both personal and exciting. Both to read and to look at—it is illustrated with reproductions of the author's paintings—it is an enchanting work, and very satisfying to the eye.

Katharine Sim is the young artist wife of an English customs official, and she went out to Malaya to join him in 1938. In her book she writes of her arrival and her first disappointment with the place where they were posted. Later, to her delight, they were able to make a home on the Dindings River, and there they created a garden which was a complete joy in itself. Flowers which in our temperate climate take months to grow and to come to their full beauty, blossomed in a matter of weeks out there, and although she has not minimised the frequent discomforts caused by the climate and the forays of insects, she has dwelt mainly on the beauty of the country and on the gay friendliness of its natives.

Katharine Sim sees everything from an artist's viewpoint, even to the antics of her pets, a series of Siamese cats which figure largely in the narrative, and to the descriptions of Malayan foods, of days at sea, and of junketings in Penang. In fact, this book probably gives a good cross-section of the life of any of the younger and more pleasant European inhabitants. It ends on a sombre note with the evacuation of Singapore, when the writer was obliged to sail leaving her husband behind. Both this last chapter, which gives an impression of increasing despair of the last days in Malaya, and the rest of the book, dealing with the day-to-day experiences of their happy life up-country, are written with economy, simplicity and the artist's true sense of observation.

One discovery I've made for myself is that artists rarely write a dull book and that poets seldom write a clumsy sentence. The poet in Mr. Gerald Bullett has made a good novel, as well as a very sensitive study out of JUDGMENT IN SUSPENSE (Dent. 8s. 6d.). This is the story, treated in what some might call a psychological and others a romantic manner, of a schoolmaster who tries to find a solution for the unhappiness of one of his pupils.

The boy is the son of divorced parents, and Heywood, the headmaster of a progressive co-educational school, has been given instructions that the child is not to see his mother, even if she comes to the school to visit him, and something in this drastic order and in the little boy's closed, unhappy nature, suggests to him that there is a mystery.

In his search for the truth, pursued through his own contemporaries in his London club and further afield, Heywood begins to learn something of the mother's character and more of her husband's. He meets her and gradually falls in love with her, until it seems to him that she is the only vital thing in his life. He cannot know what is the entire truth about her, but he does know that he wants her as his wife, and there the story ends and Mr. Bullett leaves his characters and his readers with a tantalising question.

Having chosen a really entertaining title for his previous book, Mr. Craig Rice has contented himself with a really clumsy one for his present thriller. THE THURSDAY TURKEY MURDERS (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.) has moments of fun and moments of menace, and even a nice splashy cover, but nothing effaces that unhandy title for me, particularly when I remember that this was the man who wrote *Having Wonderful Crime*.

The two amiable characters who, throughout the story, are continually in trouble from creditors, sheriffs and escaped convicts, are a pair of happy-go-lucky adventurers on their way from New York to Hollywood. Their car, which is referred to invariably as the convertible, and a hundred-odd dollars in cash, are their only assets after one of them has paid 1,000 dollars for a flock or gaggle of turkeys. Admittedly the deal was impulsive, but it had seemed like a money-maker at the time and neither of our heroes had thought that it would lead to a prolonged stay in Iowa or to being implicated in a couple of gang murders.

However, there it all is, and Mr. Rice makes a very neat job of it with more humour than one is generally allowed in thrillers, and with an alert eye on the possibilities of dialogue.

SHORTER NOTICES OF NEW NOVELS AND OTHER BOOKS

SIX new titles from the house of Macdonald, and all priced at 8s. 6d., are GOD TEMPERS THE WIND, by John Ware, a story of the West Riding; MASTER OF SKELGALE, by Muriel Howe, a novel in the romantic manner; MISS HAMBLETT'S GHOST, by Alan Brock, an ingenious and highly entertaining detective story; SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by Eric Leyland, a comedy of small-town life; SILVER FOUNTAINS, by Dorothy Mackinder, a tale of French provincial life before the war; and INCIDENTAL MURDER, by Joan Champion, another detective yarn by a promising young writer from Tasmania.

Also among the new books are QUEEN MARY OF THE IRON ROAD (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.), in which Fred C. Bishop, engine-driver of the Coronation Scot, recounts his experiences. FROM SIX GREAT CITIES (Collins. 2s. 6d.) is a reprint of the inspiring addresses to youth delivered by Berens Wilson from various cathedrals and civic halls in Britain. They make no less inspiring reading. TRIAD ONE (Dennis Dobson, Ltd. 7s. 6d.) includes a collection of short stories by James Gordon, a number of poems by Elizabeth Berridge, and a novel by Gwyn Thomas.

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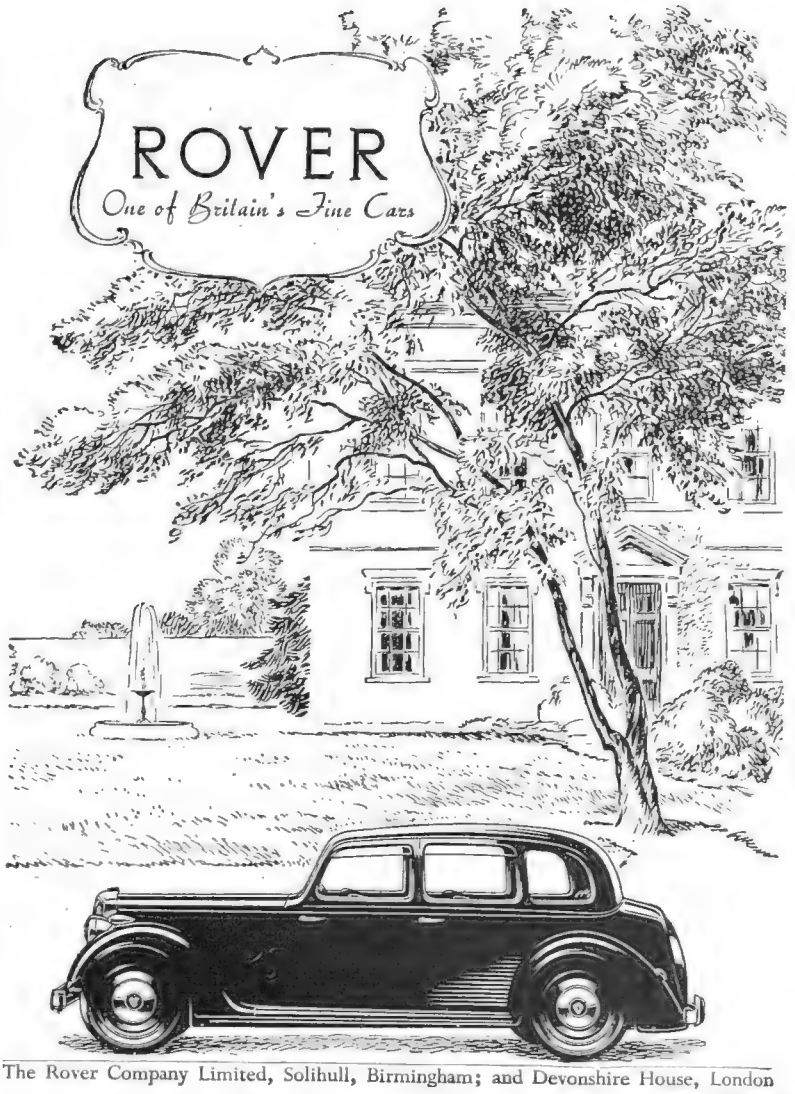

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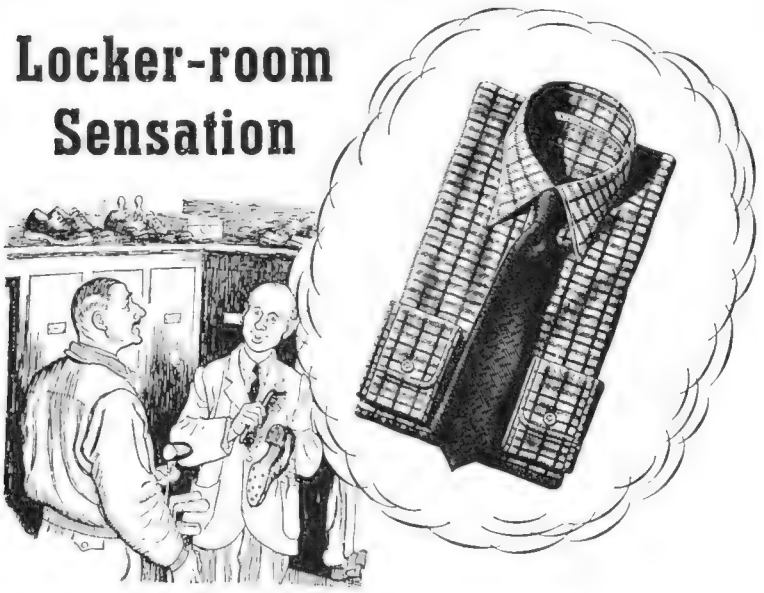
Locker-room Sensation



"HENRY," said Mr. Chipshott, "something magical has just manifested itself."

"You mean that mirage, Sir?" said the locker-room man, sympathetically.

"I mean that magnificent 'Viyella' sports shirt!" exclaimed Mr. Chipshott, excitedly.

"It's identical with the one I've been dreaming of — that delightful pattern, that trim cut, that perfectly-tailored collar! How did it get in here?"

"Wishful thinking, Sir," said the locker-room man. "Lots of the members have been seeing these mirages lately. 'Viyella' Visions, I call 'em."

"Then it *is* only a vision?"

"Yes, Sir — until the real thing appears."

"When I can play in a 'Viyella' shirt again," said Mr. Chipshott, "I shall be a far, far better golfer than I have ever been."

"That's what *all* the members say," said the locker-room man.

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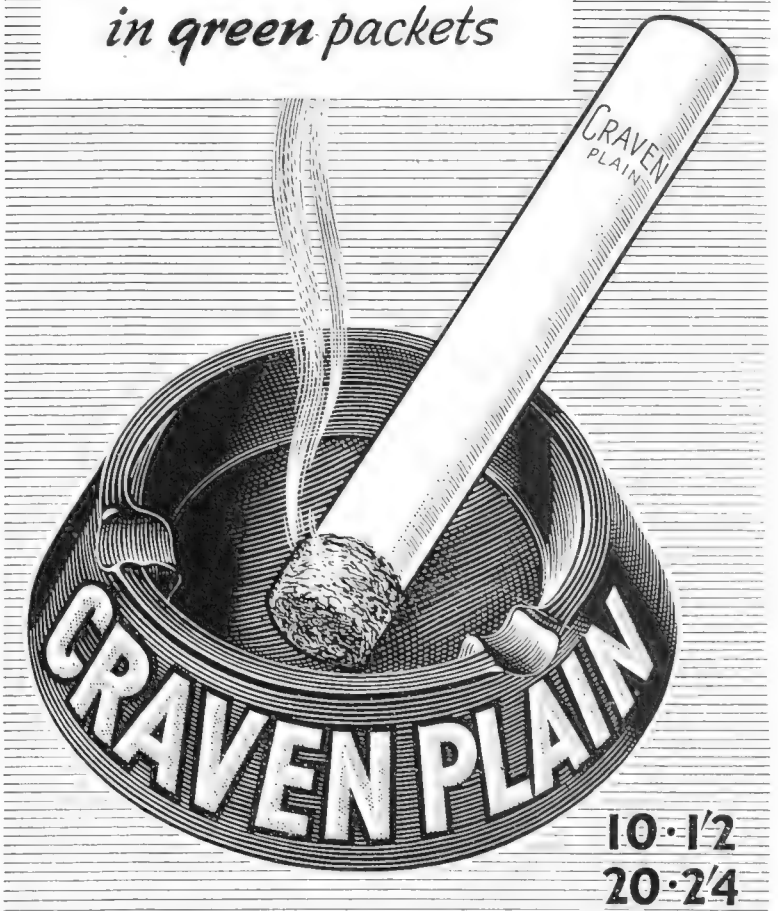

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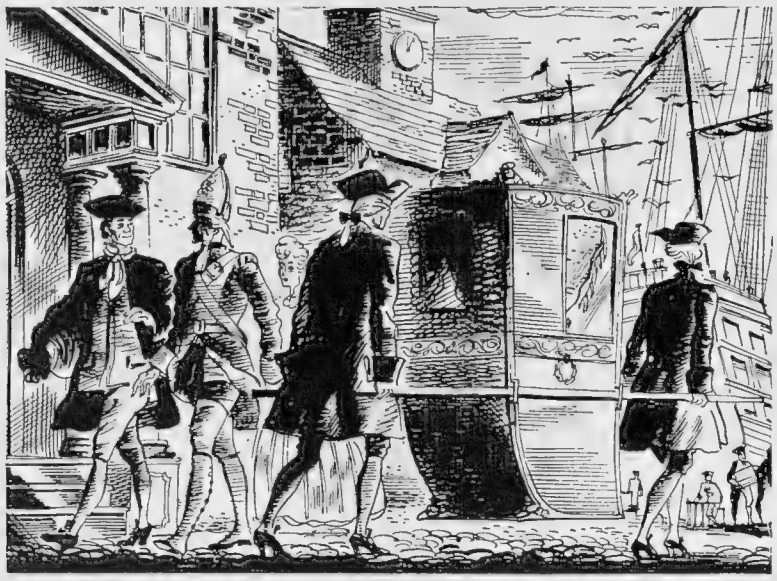

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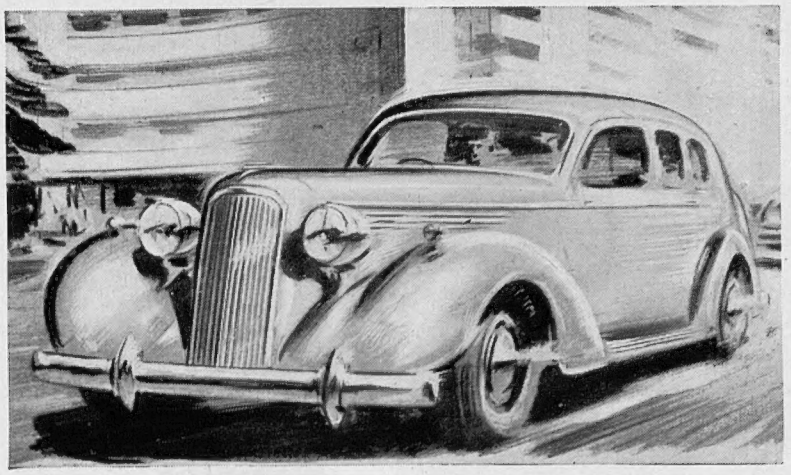

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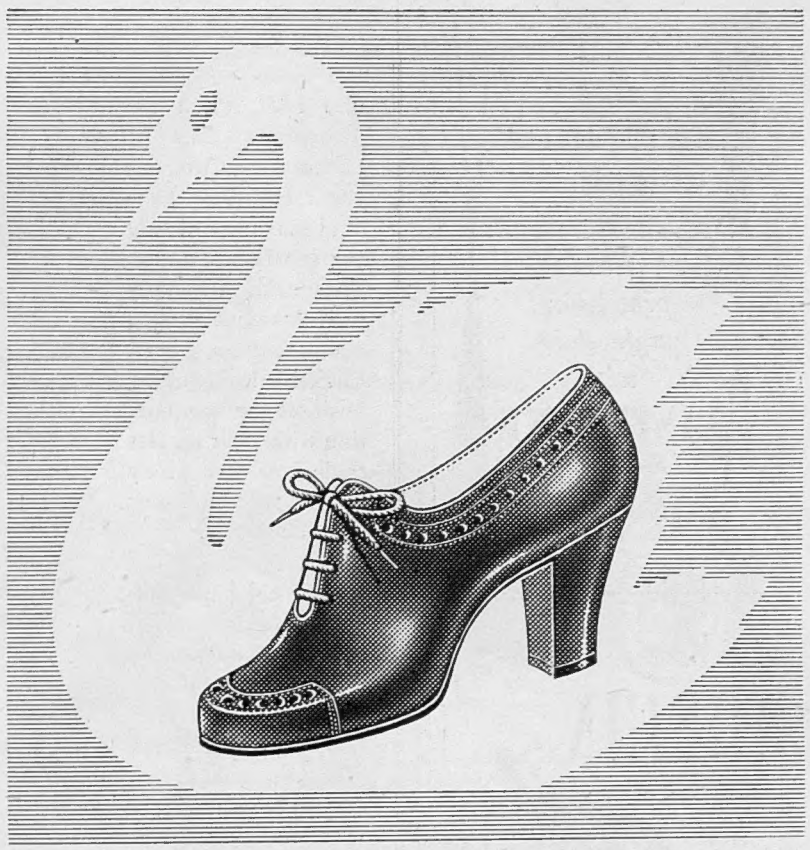

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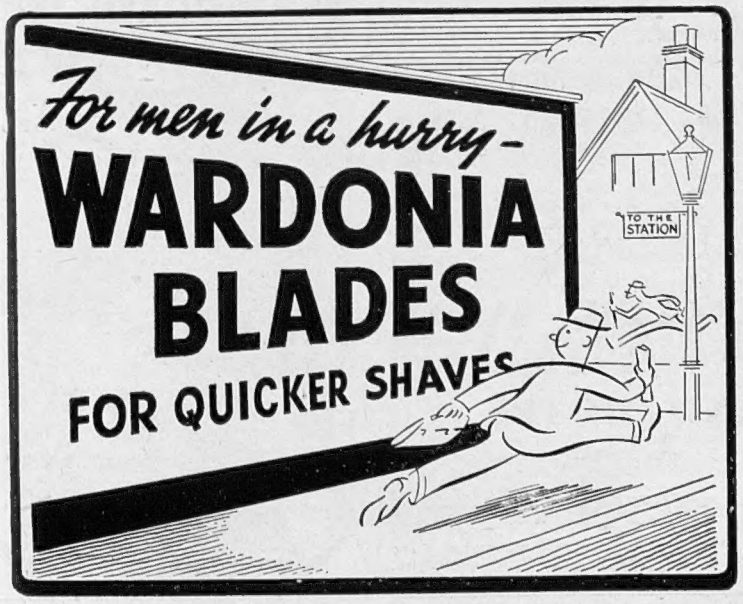

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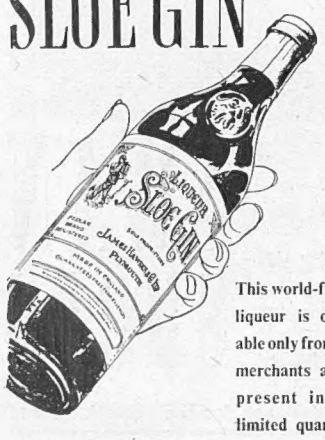

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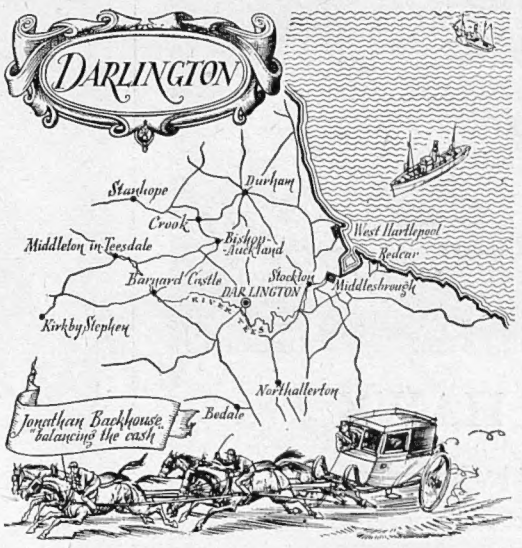

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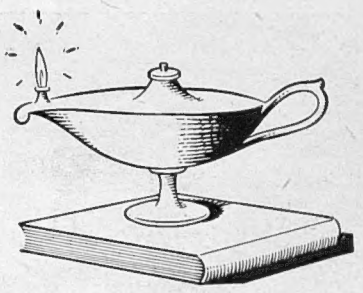

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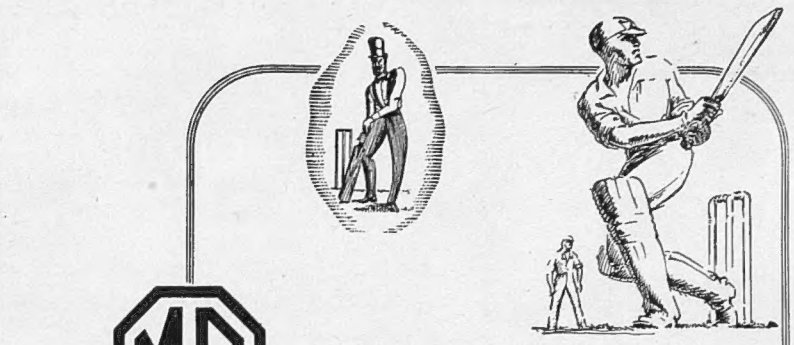

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